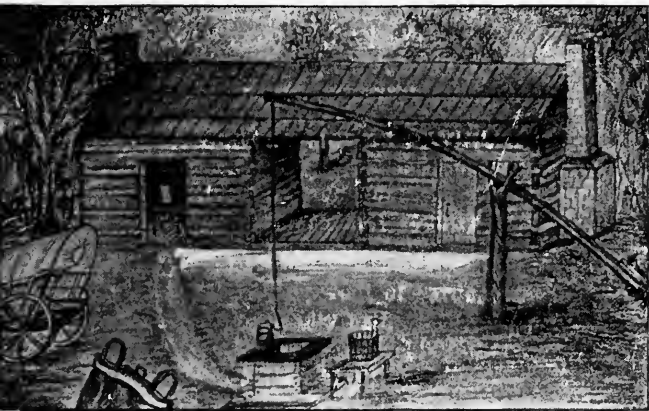


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*Short Poems
at
Odd Hours*

J. S. Penny





The Author's Birthplace, Des Moines Co., Ia.

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J. S. PENNY
1917

SHORT POEMS

at

ODD HOURS

By

J. S. PENNY

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS

1917

PG3531
.E445G5
1917

If these children of my brain,
Should the reader entertain,
I will feel myself repaid
For the efforts I have made.

—The Author.

\$1.00

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JUN -4 1917

no 1.

1817.
H.F.37

SHORT POEMS

AT ODD HOURS

IF I COULD WRITE.

If I could write a single line,
And in it, some great thought combine
That might some reader entertain,
I'd feel I had not lived in vain.

If I could write some stirring truth,
That might inspire, some erring youth,
To live a purer, better life,
I'd feel not vain, had been my life.

If I could write upon this page
Some theme, to serve the coming age,
I'd feel my life had been made good
In serving common brotherhood.

If I could write a charming book,
In which kind friends, would some times look
And read some soul-inspiring thought,
I'd feel my life, not spent for naught.

If I could write some thing to please
Not all, but any one of these,
I'd feel, that when, my race was run,
I'd crowned my life with something done.

Wishing to secure the opinion and criticism as well, of my friend, Doctor W. H. Tolliver, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Fort Scott, Kansas, I sent him a few of my little verses, with the following request, and in a few days received his reply which is here appended.

REQUEST.

I thought it was the proper caper,
To send to you a little paper,
And ask you, when it meets your eyes,
To kindly, roughly criticise,
And tell me if you really thought,
It is good enough, or not,
When you, your eyes at it have squinted,
To send it off, and have it printed.

I've got a notion in my head,
But never yet, a word have said,
To have some printing done betimes,
Of these, my simple little rhymes,
And I am asking your advice;
Now, do you yeally think they're nice
Enough to squander printer's ink?
Please tell me now, just what you think.

The Doctor's Reply.

I've scanned your writings o'er, my friend,
And all too quickly reached the end,
I gave, to them, the second reading
And time passed by, without my heeding.

My judgment is not worth the time
It takes you, to read through my rhyme;
But it is settled, firm and strong,
To poet's corner, you belong.

And then, if I am mistaken not,
This is the place to cast your lot
And in their ranks, you'll some time fill
A place beside our "Iron Quill."

Then revel in the praise of men
That you have merited, with pen,
And on their tablets, carve your name,
Where love, is greater far, than Fame.

Yes, I do think you're now equipped
To gather up, your manuscript,
And without culling down, nor stint,
Commit the whole of them to print.

And when the task, for you is done
When human laurels you have won,
You'll rank above our ancient Chaucer,
Say, send a copy to the author.

AT THE GRAVE OF EUGENE WARE.

"Ironquill."

I stood, by the grave, of a hero,
Who was honored, in his life,
By the people of the nation
For what he did in the strife

That united, the North and the South-land.
By the victory that was won,
And made this the grandest country
That lieth under the sun.

He stood, in the fore-front of battle,
Yet escaped the deadly ball,
And returned, to the land of his fathers,
Beloved and honored of all.

Yet the praise that is far greater,
Than was won by "the wall of men,"
Or the sword, that he hath wielded,
Was won by his fertile pen.

He has written much, that is charming,
And the beauty of his verse,
In the ages, that are coming,
The unborn will rehearse.

There is this in the writings left us;
A style, that is pure and mild,
And is easy of understanding,
By the unlearned, and the child.

Now the life of our hero is ended,
Yet to us, will still belong,
The sentiments he has written,
In poetry, and song.

Fort Scott, Dec. 2, 1916.

Mr. J. S. Penny, Fort Scott, Kansas,

My Dear Mr. Penny:

I have read with a deal of pleasure your tribute to my good friend, Eugene Ware. It is worthy of him, knowing him so intimately, I can assure you that is not fulsome. He was a great, big, broad minded, noble man.

Very truly yours,

C. E. CORY.

Eugene F. Ware—"Ironquill"—grew to manhood in the city of Burlington, Iowa. There he learned the saddlery trade, with his father, there he, at the outbreak of the civil war, enlisted in the First Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and was with his regiment at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri, August 10th, 1861, when General Nathaniel Lyon was killed.

The Iowa regiment, whose Colonel had been killed, was standing near where the general was seated on his horse, when the enemy were seen coming out of the timber, on the right; Lyon remarked, to a member of his staff, that a detachment ought to be sent to attack them; the Iowa boys said: "Give us a leader, and we will go." Lyon whirled his horse, and waiving his hat uttered these memorable words, the last he ever spoke, "Come on, brave boys, I will lead you." Scarcely had he uttered the words when a ball pierced his breast, and the brave general fell from his horse, dead.

Later, he enlisted in the 7th Iowa cavalry and served to the end of the war. Soon after the close of the war, he came, with his father, to Fort Scott, Kansas, where he practiced law for more than twenty years. He and Judge C. E. Cory, who is still living in Fort Scott, were law partners for many years. Judge Cory knew him, more intimately, than any other man in Kansas, and has written a fine biography of the dead hero, which is now the property of the State Historical Society in Topeka.

Besides being a brilliant lawyer, Eugene Ware was an author of national repute, and his poetry gave him high standing among the literary men of his time, many of his poems being gems of the highest order.

The warrior, statesman, poet and lawyer, now sleeps in the beautiful National Cemetery, joining the city of Fort Scott, and his last resting place is marked by a huge granite boulder, bearing this simple inscription: "Eugene F. Ware, Captain Seventh Iowa Cavalry, May 29, 1841, July 1, 1911. Jeanette Huntington, His Wife."

FAIR CENTERVILLE, IOWA.

(Written by J. S. Penny, Fort Scott, Kan., after spending some time in Centerville on business.)

The pretty town of Centerville,
Girt round by many an ancient hill
Was to my mind a glad surprise,
First time it met my wondering eyes.

I'd often passed it on the train,
In going forth and back again,
But in my passing heretofore
I'd only seen the town's back door.

The worst foot's foremost here I found;
When I stopped off to look around,
For that part down by the depot,
Caused me to think the town was slow.

But when I rode up on the trolley
I met what proved to me my folly
For here I saw the streets were paved
And all the people well behaved.

The town is built around a square
Like many towns are built elsewhere,
There stands the court house, stoutly built
With walls of stone and dome of gilt.

The lawn is sloping nice and clean,
And every evening can be seen,
The people here on every hand
List'ning to music by the band.

It surely is a pretty sight,
To see the ladies dressed in white,
The pretty children, men and boys
All happy in their passing joys.

The town is up to date, I find
And surely not a whit behind,
And leads—if it does not surpass
All other towns of its own class.

The business men are up to date,
And not inclined to speculate;
Their business, I found nearly whole
Is founded on their mines of coal.

Coal is a great commodity,
For men of low and high degree;
The man who only owns a pick
Can buy his bread and meat on "tick."

For when the next pay day comes around
He always with the cash is found,
And as he pays his weekly bill
He has the business man's good will.

I stopped there at a good hotel
Where I was treated kind and well,
The restaurants all served good hash
And like the banks, demanded cash.—

Speaking of banks, the town has six.
And all of them are up to tricks
That make their business thrive and grow
The business men all told me so.

As I am traveling up and down
The earth, I like to make a town
Where everyone bespeaks good will—
As in the town of Centerville.

THESE THREE.

Hurrah for Iowa, the Hawk Eye State,
She always accomplishes something great:
She raises big cattle and hogs and corn,
And therefore her people all blow their horn.

Now it's a fact, that in no other place
Is black dirt deeper on Mother Earth's face,
And in it the corn delights to take root
And only for this, her people all toot.

But they must all know, that their bird, Black Hawk,
Can't scream any louder than can Jay Hawk;
For Kansas has gotten the whole Earth beat
In raising the finest and best of wheat.

Hello, here's the "Puke," with his long eared mule;
He's trying to "but in," the great big fool,
He thinks that he ought to be heard toot too
When all he can toot is "Anheuser Brew."

THE ENGINEER'S STEED.

I have here a wond'rous steed,
Noted for her strength and speed;
With her massive nerves of steel
And her legs an iron wheel.

She can go a hundred mile
In a very little while,
With her lungs a flame of fire
She can run and never tire.

All the feed she gets is coal
Yet this mighty nimble foal
Can go out and win a race
At what seems an easy pace.

She will do a lot of work,
And she'll never try to shirk
If they'll give her right of way,
And she'll do it all the day.

She can make a rapid stride
When I open her up wide
Leaving naught behind her trail
But a great big smoky tail.

She can make a wond'rous flight,
Clear across a State at night;
Be four hundred miles away
At the breaking of the day.

Now she some times has to climb,
Cause she always goes 'gainst time
For there isn't any steed
That can equal her in speed.

There's no horse that ever strode
That can pull as big a load
And I never use a whip
On her side or on her hip.

She sometimes, will give a kick,
When the track's a little slick
Then I coax her with some sand
And she'll go at my command.

Then again when on the grade
And I some times am afraid
We'll not make it with the train
And I some times am profane.

She will put out all her strength
And we reach the top at length
Then I feel a little sad
'Cause I got so awful mad.

Now we both are growing old
Yet we go out in the cold,
And in every kind of weather
This old friend and I together.

We have been good friends for years
And I feel like shedding tears
When I think that we must part
Bless the dear old engine's heart.

UNCLE SAM.

Our Uncle Sam, dear Uncle Sam
"Is much too big to fight,"
But he is always on the side
Of justice, truth and right.

The other nations stand around
And, sometimes give a kick,
Yet none of them need ever try
Our Uncle Sam to lick.

The Dutchman says: "If Uncle Sam
Should get his "dander up,"
And tell Der Kaiser to behave,
"I'll shoot him mit mein Krupp."

Our Uncle Sam is not afraid
Of any Dutchman's bluff
But if he has to, he will fight
'Till Kaiser says "enough."

He "ist ain dummer esel, sure,"
Der Kaiser, if he thinks,
Our Uncle Sam will make no note
Of vessels that he sinks.

Our Uncle Sam has heard the cry,
That came across the wave,
When murdered innocence went down
To find a watery grave.

Our Uncle Sam don't like to have
Nephews and nieces drowned
By any Dutchman, while they sail
Across the ocean bound.

Our Uncle Sam is a gallant
But gentle, kind and meek,
Yet, like a true Knight, he'll defend
The helpless and the weak.

If Uncle Sam should have to fight,
His honor to defend,
Nephews and nieces, one and all,
Will back him to the end.

From California's golden sand
To foaming Kennebeck
Ten million volunteers will come
At our brave Uncle's beck.

'Twill be an army that will make
Der Kaiser wince and whine,
When Uncle Sam, with Stars and Stripes,
Goes marching to the Rhine.

A LEETLE MO' BE PAYIN'.

While dis nigger am a workin, in de cotton,
He am thinkin' all de time, de work am rotten,
While he's workin' all de day,
Fo' a leetle bit o' pay
Den he wish, some time he's dead, an' done forgotten.

Den some time he go a huntin' fo' de possom,
In de cane brakes, when de cimmons is in blossom;
Den he think it am some fun,
When he goes with dog an' gun,
Den he think he nebber stop, till he get some.

When de possom am a cookin' an' a smellin'.
An' dis nigger am a wishin' fo' a melon,
Den it some times make him feel,
If he didn't have to steal,
He would take one dat de massa wasn't sellin'.

When he goes an' hears de music, sees de dancin'
An' de ladies an' de gemmens go a prancin',
Den he feel like he am king,
An' he gib de Hilan' Fling.

To he's pard, an' sees de gemmen's eyes a glancin'.

An, when he goes to church, an' hear dem pretty songs,
Hears de preacher tellin' dat his soul belongs
To de good Lawd, way up high,
Who is libbin' in de sky,
Den he sure knows he's been doin' lots ob wrongs.

When he hears de preacher talkin' an' a sayin'
Dat all niggers ought to do a lot o' prayin',
Den he wishes dat he could,
If he know how he sure would,
Pray dat massa would a leetle mo' be payin.

DEATH.

(Written by J. S. Penny, and read at the funeral of his friend, W. J. Smith, Thursday afternoon, 1-8-'15.)

We know not the time when Death may call;
 It may be at night,
 It may be daylight,
It may be springtime, or it may be fall.

It may come when we are feeling well,
 It may come at noon,
 It may come soon,
Yet, when, where and how, no one can tell.

We know not when we'll be called to go;
 It is not for man
 To know God's plan,
But He doeth all things well, we know.

God never decreed the soul must lie
 And moulder away,
 To dust and clay;
What Christ hath redeemed shall never die.

We know Death is silent, and may be near,
 But our Savior died,
 And hath opened wide
This way to heaven, then why should we fear?

We stand in Thy presence, oh Death, today,
 And our hearts from grief
 Can find no relief,
For thou hast taken our brother away.

We will cherish his virtues while life shall last;
 He was always kind,
 And his wonderful mind
Could discern the future, and remember the past.

We know that Death will come to us all,
 To the young and old,
 To the timid and bold,
Will we be ready to answer the call?

MARKET SQUARE.

I like to go to Market Square
And meet the farmers gathered there;
I like to hear them tell of yields
They've gathered from the fertile fields.

I like to see them driving in
With oats and wheat from out their bin;
I like to hear them blow their horn,
And tell about their fields of corn.

I like to see the pleasant grin
Upon their face as they come in,
A-driving great big loads of hay
On almost every pleasant day.

I like to hear them tell about
The wond'rous crops their farms turn out;
About the cattle and the hogs,
The braying mules and barking dogs.

I like to hear them praise the hens—
Tell how they lay by fives and tens,
And how the basket they will fill
With eggs that pay the grocery bill.

I like to shake their horny hand,
See on their face the smile expand
When they have sold their loads of grain
And figured up the loss and grain.

I like to hear them crack their jokes
When talking 'bout the city folks;
They say: "The ladies of the town
In hobble skirts, look like a clown."

When they behold the city man
So nicely dressed, so spick and span,
They say: "Our overalls of blue
Are not so pretty, nor so new.

"But then they give us right good wear
And if by accident we tear
A hole, their cheap make-up is such
Another pair won't cost us much."

I like to see them when they've made
Their purchase and their bills have paid
Go driving to their country home,
All happy in the evening gloam.

PIOTROWSKI'S HATCHET.

Fort Scott, Kan., Dec. 4, 1916.

J. S. Penny, Fort Scott, Kansas,

My Dear Mr. Penny:

Reading to-day, your little verses, entitled "Piotrowski's Hatchet," brings freshly to mind the occasion under which they were written.

You came into my father's tailor shop and asked him for the loan of an old dull hatchet, and in a short while returned with the little poem which my father read and laughed over heartily. My father loved fun, and when he made a friend he held sacred that friendship as long as life lasted. I thank you, Mr. Penny, for this little token of regard, which was a source of pleasure to my departed father.

PAUL F. PIOTROWSKI.

May this hatchet never
Our good friendship sever,
But be a good friend,
Of both to the end,
And cause us no fear,
On our pilgrimage here,
To the end of each life
In this world of strife.

May this hatchet, though dull,
Ne'er pound on the skull
Of any good man,
Who tries if he can,
To be honest and true
As ever have you.

I have heard that a fool,
Will use a dull tool,
(But this don't apply
Not to you nor I,
To sever the bond
Of hearts ever fond,
And cause them to hate,
Oh, cruel the fate.

I hope that there never,
Will come a time ever,
When we may both feel,
That this piece of steel,
Has severed the cord,
That finds a reward,
In being good friends
In life, till life ends.

THE WELCOME RAIN.

The welcome rain
Has come again,
With a merry splash and clatter,
We love the sound,
As on the ground.
We hear it fall and splatter.

It fills the cracks,
And then attacks
Each hole, and ditch and gutter,
And fills them up,
Full as a cup,
Until they splash and sputter.

It seems to say,
I came this way
Past town and hill and hollow
To make the fields
Smile in their yields,
And soften up the fallow.

I have been sent,
With this intent,
That yields may be the greater,
Therefore rejoice
With heart and voice,
And praise the Great Creator.

! SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

This mystery I should like to know,
Whence came I, also whither go?
To some delightful spirit land,
To walk with dear ones hand in hand?

Or, go I, like dumb driven brute,
To dwell in darkness, destitute
Of all that makes existence dear?
No sight to see, no sound to hear?

I know this body must decay,
And mingle with its mother clay,
But what of life? where does it go?
This is a secret, I would know.

No mortal ever has returned,
To tell me what he hath discerned
Beyond the grave, where all who die,
Are ever held from wistful eye.

I often wonder if new birth
Is given to all who tread the earth,
And whether, I, again shall see
This body, in eternity.

I am resultant of power
Which keeps, me, safely, every hour—
An unseen force obeys my will
Within me, and is never still;

It gives me power to run, to walk,
To see, to hear, to taste, to talk,
To choose the right, reject the wrong;
My weeks, and years, of life prolong.

Does this mysterious thing called life,
When I am done, with mortal strife,
Live some-where in immensity,
Or end, in dire nonentity?

Beyond the reach of finite mind,
No mortal ever has defined,
What animates me, gives me breath;
He only knows, all ends in death.

Life is a gift of power Divine,
And all my faculties combine
To prove God holds, within His hand
My being. How? None understand.

KANSAS.

Here's to the State we love so well,
Where many happy people dwell;
Here we have lived, here may we die,
Where dear ones repose, may you and I.

Here's to the State, where old John Brown
Fought, and bled, and gained renown;
Started a war that freed a race,
And blotted out, a nation's disgrace.

Here's to the State, we all love best,
The grandest State in all the West;
We love her well, from her lowly rills,
To the top of her sloping rock-ribbed hills.

Hooray for Kansas, she always wins,
In every task she ever begins;
She has always won, and she always will,
For her people have got the brains and the skill.

I HEAR THE SONG.

I hear the song
The eager throng,
In accents sweet,
The tones repeat,
I hear the congregations sing
Hosannas, to their Saviour King;
I hear the preacher, in his place,
Appealing at a throne of Grace;
I ask, is this reality,
Or only ideality?

And can it be,
Eternity
Will not reveal
The joys they feel?
And were our fore-bearers all mistaught,
Must faith and trust both, come to naught?
Shall all the pleasures they have known,
In trusting God, be over thrown?
I ask, have all the millions erred
And have their prayers all been unheard?

I ask of thee,
Eternity
Is Thy decree
Nonentity?
And must the body, with the soul,
In darkness dwell, while ages roll?
Forever banished from the light,
Be doomed to everlasting night?
Is this indeed reality,
Or only ideality?

Perish the thought,
Hath Christ not wrought
Salvation free
For all who flee
To Him, from out of doubt and strife?
"I am the way, the truth, the life,"
And thus the congregations sing
Hosannas, to their Saviour King;
I ask, cannot this soul of thine
Assurance have, thou art divine?

CONSOLATION.

Some day there will be an ending
Of this drouth, and we shall hear
The sound of rain, descending,
On the earth, now brown and sear.

We will hear the rain-drops falling
On the roof, and in the trees;
Hear the thunder, so appalling,
Feel the cool refreshing breeze.

Then we'll all forget our troubles,
Be rejoicing in the rain,
For our troubles, like the bubbles,
Will soon, all be gone again.

Let us up, and all take courage,
For showers will come again,
And we shall receive demurrage
With the coming of the rain.

If God should list to the praying,
And give people what they ask,
The earth would be drowned, with spraying,
Or dry, as a powder flask.

Let's be thankful God is holding,
In the hollow of His hand
The earth, and is still unfolding,
What in wisdom, He has planned.

THE SILENT CITY.

I walked down the streets of a city
Whose owners, both small and great,
Were resting and slumb'ring in silence,
Where all seemed calm and sedate.

The streets were deserted and quiet,
No buzzing of trade I heard;
The doors were all closed, and the owners
Spoke never a single word.

No policeman was at the corner
To tell me which way to go,
No auto, no wagon, no footman
Were there, rushing to and fro.

No traffic was coming and going;
Oblivion seemed to reign,
And the people, who live in the city,
Never go out, on the train.

The city has neither a depot,
And all trains go rushing by,
Yet the city is daily growing,
But the owners quiet lie.

Many come to this quiet city
To visit their dearest friends,
But the visitors, do all the talking,
And in silence, the visit ends.

DROUTH.

The earth cryeth out for rain
In this with'ring burning drouth,
And the hot winds come again,
Blowing, from out the South.

The sun, like a ball of fire,
Comes up, in the flaming East,
And regardless of man's desire
Shines, with a heat increased.

With a heat, that is increasing,
The sky, like molten brass,
Merciless and unceasing
Burns up the famished grass.

Freshened, by dew, in the morn,
 Curling and twisted, by noon,
 Strug'ling 'gainst drouth, is the corn
 Dying, it all will be, soon.

The farmer looks up in despair,
 For clouds, but he looks in vain;
 He knows nothing can repair
 His loss, but the clouds and rain.

The horses and cattle seek shade,
 — Humanity is in retreat;
 For flesh and blood were not made,
 To rejoice, in such fierce heat?

To mortals, it seems a shame,
 That Nature should thus disdain,
 In playing her fickle game,
 To send us the latter rain?

The Earth cryeth out for rain,
 But never a passing cloud
 Comes up to cheer us again,
 With thunderings, deep and loud.

The Earth cryeth out for rain,
 For generous showers, Lord,
 That the people may obtain,
 For their labors, just reward?

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew what may befall us,
 If we knew when death would call us
 We would be much more respectful,
 And of friends, much less neglectful.

If we knew, some time at parting,
 With dear friends, that they were starting
 On the way whence none returning,
 Sad our hearts would be, and yearning

To be helpful, and forgiving,
 To them, while they still are living
 Blessings on them, to o'er flowing,
 We would want to be bestowing.

If we knew, that we should meet them,
 Never more, and never greet them,
 How our hearts would want to bless them,
 Arms then lovingly caress them.

Lives that have been long abiding,
And, in us, been long confiding,
May be gone, to rest, some morning,
May be taken without warning.

Oh then, when our hearts are broken,
How we'll wish that we had spoken
Much less harshly, in our talking,
While they, by our side, were walking.

Some day, when we're not expecting,
Death may come, without detecting;
Some night, when we're tired of sleeping
We may wake to bitter weeping.

Then be kind to one another,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
For each, may into error fall,
Then let us be forgiving all.

YOUTH AND A MAIDEN—A SPRING IDYL.

On the outskirts of the town,
Stood a cottage, old and brown,
In it, dwelt a maiden fair,
With bright eyes and golden hair.

In a quiet useful way,
Toiled she, patiently each day;
Educated and refined,
She had wealth of heart and mind.

She was graceful as a queen
In each movement, and her mein
Was attractive to the eye
Of each daily passer by.

Farther down the wid'ning street.
In a mansion large and neat,
Dwelt a favored son of wealth,
Strong of form, and blessed with health.

Ever new, forever old
Is the story ever told;
Love, a sentiment divine,
Doth all human hearts entwine.

One day, in the early spring,
When the birds began to sing,
Gentle doves began to coo,
Went the youth, the maid to woo?

Apple blossoms, every where,
With sweet perfume, filled the air;
Where the grass, with dew, was wet
There the youth and maiden met.

Standing 'neath an apple tree
Plighted they their troth, and she
Bent two boughs, and bound them true,
Bound them, with a ribbon blue.

Smiling at the youth she said:
"When an apple, ripe and red,
Hangs upon these boughs, I've tied,
I will be your happy bride."

As the summer days grew warm,
Watched they, rounding into form,
Two fine apples, of bright hue,
On these boughs, bound firm and true.

When the splendid autumn days,
Hung with Indian summer haze,
Neath these apples, ripe and red,
Standing, youth and maiden wed.

W. C. GUNN.

We have in our town, a man named Gunn,
Who has, by his acts, distinction won;
He labors early, and he labors late
To make a deal, or to speculate.

He makes good money, but it doesn't last,
For he travels around, and spends it fast;
He lays all the agents, in the shade,
In making a deal, or a big land trade.

He's not afraid to work all the night,
If he can bring trade around all right;
He generally makes it to suit his taste,
Or else he never makes it in haste.

And when he has made it, he'll never squeel,
If he hasn't just got the best of the deal,
But mostly, he gets there, just the same,
For he knows just how to play the game.

And people look up to him everywhere:
He has got of this world a goodly share,
He's given the city a pretty park,
Where the people resort, when they want a "lark."

He didn't wait, to make his will,
But gave to the college, on the hill,
A good big house, and a plat of ground;
His business methods are always sound.

When he goes to church, and they pass the hat
He always gives, to this and that,
When he's got the money in his hand,
He deals it out, as the needs demand.

When a man goes in, to his business place,
He is always met by a smiling face,
And if he is, some times, denied
He doesn't feel bad, because he tried.

As long as lives Dear Old Fort Scott,
The name of Gunn will perrish not,
For the names of both, have together grown,
And the people will neither one disown.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

In this life, sorrow and joy,
Mingled are, in strange alloy;
Alternating every day,
As the night is, and the day.

Some lives, seeming have to bear,
More of sorrows than their share,
While no anodyne of grief,
Ever comes to their relief.

Others, ever seem to be,
In a state of ecstasy,
Living ever in the light,
With no thought of coming night.

Yet a shadow, sure, must fall,
'Cross the path, of one, and all;
Never was a day so bright,
But was followed by the night.

Never has there been a night,
But was followed by the light,
Of a sure returning day,
Chasing shades of night away.

So our lives are spent on earth,
Full of sadness and of mirth,
As the night follows the day,
Alternating all the way.

THROUGH TIMBER STROLLING.

I like to go through timber, strolling
Down to the river, see it rolling,
To hear the wind, through tall trees roaring,
Look up, and see, proud birds go soaring,

See giant trees go bowing, bending
Against the free strong wind contending;
When Nature is thus all conspiring.
Her voice, and tones, are soul inspiring.

I like to hear the ripe nuts falling,
The plaintive notes of Bob White, calling,
To hear the frisky squirrel's sharp barking
As up a tree, he goes, skylarking.

Just then it's hard for me to stifle,
Desire to shoot him, with my rifle;
And then, I like to see the bunnies,
Go skipping down the hill, it's funny.

The river has a fascination
For some, but I've no inclination
To risk my life, upon its water,
In frail boats, that go teeter-totter.

I like to see its rolling motion
But I assure you, I've no notion
To risk myself upon its billows,
Nor sleep beneath its weeping willows.

I like to sit, and fish and angle,
With none to bother or to wrangle
About what kind of fish are biting,
It's then the sport, is sure exciting.

I like to see the waters gleaming
Beneath the sun's rays, always seeming
To be in a perpetual motion,
As they go rolling to the ocean.

When everything performs its duty,
There is in nature's works rare beauty;
Pity the man, who looks, not seeing
The Power that spoke them into being.

THE STORM KING.

The winter wind, sounds loud to-night,
As fiercely it comes roaring
Through naked branches, in its flight,
With dark clouds, swiftly soaring.

It gathers force, with each loud blast
In maddened fury hurling
Against the house, then rushing past
It sends the snow flakes whirling.

Then out across the fields it goes,
Big hay stacks, there upsetting,
It fills the farmer's heart with woes
And leaves him, sore regretting.

It starts the rich man with a chill,
And makes his windows rattle;
It freezes up his pond and mill,
Disturbs his hogs and cattle.

It forces itself through the door
Of many a humble dwelling,
And creeps up through the naked floor,
All cheerful warmth expelling.

O God, have mercy on the poor
Where ever they are living,
And may they all be kept secure,
In mercy, be forgiving.

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

Many times have I seen my mother sit
In you, old chair, with her yarn, and knit;
Her fingers would fly, as you would rock
While she knit away, at my woolen sock.

And again, I have seen her sit and spin,
In long winter nights, when all within
The old farm house, was cherry and bright
In the glow of the fire's uncertain light.

Then I often would play, around your feet,
And list to the hum of the wheel, so sweet,
And the pure, clear tones, of my mother's voice
As she sang, some hymn, of her own sweet choice.

Some times she would sing, "In the Bye and Bye,"
In a way that would make me want to cry;
But the "Rock of Ages," seemed to be,
Sweeter than all the rest to me.

I have heard the choir, of Cathedral grand,
When lead by the wave of the master hand,
I have listened oft, to the warbling song
Of some prima-donna, seen the throng

Go wild with enthusiastic joy;
Yet, I never have heard, since I was a boy,
Any tones that sounded to me as sweet
As I have heard, when I played, 'round your feet.

You're lonesome and vacant, old chair, to-night
The form you once held, has taken its flight
And I listen, in vain, for the clear sweet voice
That in childhood oft, bid my heart rejoice.

Though the form is gone, and the voice is still,
Fond mem'ries cling round you, and ever will,
When I fancy I see, the dear sweet face,
Of my mother, again, in your strong embrace.

THE FAMILY TABLE.

Here, 'round this board, we daily meet
For some thing always good to eat,
For mama has a savory dish
Of pork, or beef, or fowl or fish.

We always here, talk long, and laugh
As from the cheerful cup we quaff
The ice cold water, coffee, tea
Or what so ever drink it be.

Each one in his accustomed place,
Bows low his head, while Dad asks grace,
And when the meal is done we part,
Each satisfied, each stout of heart.

All go to meet the calls of life,
To mingle in its cares and strife,
Until the strength that we attain
Is wasted, and we meet again.

Around this board, at noon or eve,
Recount the blessing we receive,
And tell again of various joys,
A merry lot of girls and boys?

We all remember, also, this,
That life is not one round of bliss,
But are reminded that **some** day
Sorrow will lie, across our way.

Some day, there'll be a vacant place,
Some day we'll miss a dear one's face,
Some day we'll drop a silent tear,
For some loved one will not **be** here.

MORNING AFTER A SNOW-STORM.

O'er all the earth, the snow now lies
A blanket, soft and deep;
The wind, through naked branches sighs,
Like mourners, when they weep.

The smoke ascends, through mist and clouds,
Or wavers in its flight,
Else quick descending, close enshrouds
The earth, in shades of night.

The birds, that lately sang so sweet,
Are quiet now and still;
Or nestling, in their safe retreat,
Beneath the window sill.

Glad Christmas time will soon be here,
To bid our hearts rejoice
With all the blessings of good cheer,
And presents, rare and choice.

The girls and boys, with sleds are out,
All happy in their joys;
I like to hear their merry shout,
God bless the girls and boys.

AN AUTUMN MORNING AFTER RAIN.

Last evening, when we went to bed,
The sky was over-cast
With clouds, that hung just over head,
And rain was falling fast.

This morning, when day-light awoke
Resplendent in the East,
There were no clouds, no fog, no smoke,
The falling rain had ceased.

The sun came up, out of the night,
Suffusing all the earth
With warmth, and splendor, and with light
To give to plants new birth.

All nature seems to be in tune,
This splendid autumn morn,
All vegetation, looks like June,
Except the withered corn.

The air comes bowling, from the South,
Across the country, warm;
The rain has put an end to drouth,
With no destructive storm.

As long as earth and sky remain,
We can but wait and look;
The early and the latter rain,
Are promised in the BOOK.

10-3-16.

ON A SPREE.

The wind sprang up, one morning bright,
And hurried away, in rapid flight
Across the fields, and into the town,
Ran a thousand miles before sun down.

It forced itself through every door,
And crept up through the naked floor
Of many a dwelling, in its way,
Before it sank to rest that day.

It picked up the hat, of a passed by,
And carried it upward to the sky,
Blew through his whiskers, ruffled his hair
And made him so mad he swore a swear.

It skipped to the country, and left the town,
And turned big hay stacks up side down,
That the farmers had placed there, in a row,
Then left the owners, all filled with woe.

It caused the doors and windows to rattle,
And swept the pastures, where lowing cattle
Were peacefully chewing their savory cud,
Then away it went, through the leafy wood.

The tall trees sighed, and groaned, and bent
Like the keys, of some great instrument,
When played by the touch of a master hand,
A chorus of nature, wild and grand.

It came to the ocean, vast and wide,
And lashed the waves into angry tide;
It caught great ships, in furious glee
And burried them deep, in the troughs of the sea
No mortal can measure, nor understand
The unseen power that gives command,
Yet the winds and the waves obey the will
Of Him who said to them, "Peace be still."

SCHOOL DAYS

As I go walking down the street,
I often, in the morning, meet
A lot of girls, all dressed up neat
Coming up to school.

It is a splendid sight, for me,
So many pretty girls to see,
With movements blithe, and hearts all free
Coming up to school.

It argues well, for this old town,
When every girl, in pretty gown,
Can analyze a verb or noun,
Coming up to school.

Falcitation would be fine,
If both your pretty girl, and mine,
Could every vexing verb decline
Coming up to school.

I like to meet the manly boys,
Who lately, playing with their toys,
Were always making lots of noise,
Coming up to school.

They no doubt thought it fun, last fall,
To hustle out, and play foot-ball,
Although they some times got a fall
Coming up to school.

I some-times wish for that sweet day,
Long years before my hair was gray,
When I was learning Wisdom's way
Coming up to school.

Some-times I look through mists of tears,
When I remember earlier years,
With all my anxious hopes, and fears,
Coming up to school.

THE MARMATON.

Thou gently flowing Marmaton,
Your journey seaward's just begun,
Some day you'll meet the rolling tide,
And mingle with the ocean wide.

Some-times I watch your gentle flow,
And wish that I might with you go
To meet the margin of the sea,
But such a thing can never be.

For should I launch my feeble boat,
Upon your gentle brest to float,
You might go on a raging spree,
And in your madness, swallow me.

If this should happen, I can't swim,
My chance for life would sure be slim,
I guess to go I'd better not,
But stay right here, in Old Fort Scott.

They say you have a wond'rous charm
For all who drink, from you, old Marm.,
If on your bank they make a track,
And go away, they'll sure come back.

Now I have watched you for some years,
Some-times with joy, some-times with tears,
For every time I from you drink,
I kind 'o believe, I smell a stink.

The doctors say, you are all right,
But some-times, you are sure, a fright,
Just after some big heavy rain,
Before you settle back again.

It's then I pour you in a cup
And see that you are all riled up—
I kind 'o believe, I won't say why,
The doctors all have told a ——

I know, that on your banks there live,
A lot of farmers, who have "thriv"
By feeding horses, cattle, hogs,
And some-times half a dozen dogs.

They feed them close beside your bank,
In yards, that's some-times pretty rank,
And also, pretty sure to drain,
Their essence, after every rain.

The doctors say "Don't take alarm,"
That you will never do us harm;
That you will settle, in a tank,
They've built upon your dirty bank.

These doctors sell us lots of pills
They say, will cure us of our ills,
And then they'll tell us all to drink,
Big lots of you, although you stink.

Now all the people have their fads,
And our commission, city dads
Are gain' (?) to build a septic tank,
Below the city, on your bank,

And then they'll take the city drain,
And mix it with the sorghum cane,
Then what they'll do, with this whole mess,
No one has yet begun to guess.

Now all the people, East of town,
Are following after Mister Brown,
He says your waters we polute,
So he's begun a big law-suit.

He says your surface is all black;
And, he is making this attack
Upon the city, and I'm told
He wants ten thousand plunks of gold.

He says he's damaged that amount,
And says, that you are no account,
Since you have been so filthy made,
By city garbage much decayed.

Now I am some-times much amused,
To see your water thus abused,
By people who don't stop to think
Before they stoop, to take a drink.

Some say your waters are so bad,
To drink them makes them awful mad,
While others laud you, to the skies,
I often wonder which one lies.

I trust that in the days to come,
You'll keep your-self, all free from scum.
And hope that you will still flow on
You dirty little Marmaton.

MARMATON RIVER.

Marmaton, dear Marmaton,
As you flow to the sea,
Bear on your swelling bosom
This message, true, for me.

Tell to the deep this story,
Else she may never know
About this noble country,
Through which your waters flow.

Tell her you came from Kansas,
A State of worth and note,
Where every man, and woman,
Is given the right to vote.

Don't say you're from Missouri,
The "Puke" you must disown,
But say, "I am a Jayhawk,"
And don't have to "be shown,"

Tell her you flow through prairies—
A region smooth and vast,
Through valleys rich in vendure
That waves as you flow past.

And towns, and cities, growing
In luxury and wealth,
To which you're bearing daily,
A cooling draught of health.

Tell her you bear her tidings
From out a land of grain,
And if she can, you wish she
Would send you back again.

Tell her you have been flowing
For ages on ages past;
Before the foot of mortal
Had trod this region vast.

Say to her, no one knoweth,
Among the multitude,
How long you have been flowing
Alone, in solitude.

Long, long before the white man,
A hardy pioneer
Had come to vex your waters
With boat, or dam or pier,
You flowed to quench the thirstings
Of buffalo and deer:
Before he had discovered,
This country, you were here.

You gather up the waters
From valley, hill and plain,
And bearing them all seaward,
The fertile land you drain.

You flow past no old castle,
Renowned on story's page;
But, with your cooling waters,
You serve the present age.

You bear no flaming story
Of armies that have crossed
Your waters, and have battled
To victory, or have lost.

But you can tell of armies,
Of panting buffalo,
That peaceful quenched their thirstings
A thousand years ago.

Tell her you are expecting
To still be flowing on,
When cities, that are building,
Will crumble and be gone.

TO THE HAWKEYE NATIVES OF BURLINGTON, IA.

(Read before the Hawkeye Natives Association at
their reunion, Sept. 4, 1915.)

Hawkeye natives of a State
That has grown to be so great,
Happy I congratulate
One and all.
Flying swiftly as the Auk,
From the land of the Jayhawk,
To the land of Chief Black Hawk
Hear me call.

Thoughts are flying fast this morn,
Toward the land of growing corn;
In the land where I was born,
Moons ago.
There I fein to-day would rest,
Near the old frequented nest,
In a land so richly blest
It 'twere so
I could flap my wings, and fly,
Like the Jayhawk, through the sky,
Or could dart as does the eye
Of the hawk,
I would fly across the land,
Grasp you once more by the hand
If my wings, when they expand,
Didn't balk.

To return to earth, again,
I should like to be there when,
You are meeting in your den,
As of yore,
But in future, when you meet,
There will be an empty seat,
In your wigwan's dim retreat
Ever more.

For I never shall return,
Yet my heart will ever yearn,
To the land where ever burn
Fires of love.

Near the peaceful flowing Kaw,
And the river Arkansas,
I am dwelling with my squaw
Peaceful dove,
Where the sky comes down to greet
Verdant fields of growing wheat,
In a land that can't be beat
For an hour.

On the prairies, stretching west,
There is wheat, till "you can't rest,"
Wheat that makes the very best
Kind of flour.

Here I'll spend my fleeting days,
Striving, learning Wisdom's ways,
Singing long, and loud, the praise
Of the land
Which has been my gonfalon,
In the years that are agon,
And at last has lead me on
To this land.

Now I want to pay respect,
To the men of intellect,

Who had wisdom to select,
Hawk-Eye State
As a good place, to be born,
As a place, to grow good corn,
And a place to blow a horn
And relate,
How the land of old Black Hawk,
Will sure raise a bigger stalk,
And produce a finer flock,
Than the best.
It will grow a bigger ear,
Will produce a bigger steer,
And will do it every year
Than the rest.

Now the land of old Black Hawk
And the land of the Jayhawk
Seems to "knock the very sock"
Off the crowd,
In producing wheat, and corn,
In the land where we were born,
So we like to blow our horn,
Long and loud.

We have lived for fifty years,
Midst life's hopes, and joys and fears;
Looking back, through mists of tears,
We can see,
How the land, we loved the best,
In the Golden, glowing West,
In the land that most has blest
You and me.
Fifty years, when we were boys,
Seemed as long as Illinois,
When we played with simple toys,
In that day.
We all thought the time was slow,
Fifty years, and more ago
When we started out to go
On life's way.
Now we're going at a rate,
I am sorry to relate,
We would like to hesitate
If we could.
We are going down the grade,
At the fastest rate we've made,

And we soon, will reach the shade
At the end,
In the land, of bye and bye,
Where the natives never sigh,
Never have to say good bye
To a friend.

HAWKEYE NATIVES.

The Hawkeye Natives Association, of Des Moines County, Iowa, is composed of members who were born in Iowa, fifty years ago. The following verses were read at a reunion of the association, held February 23d, 1915, in Burlington:

I wish I could meet you all to-night
As in the days of yore,
'Twould fill my soul with pure delight
To see you all once more.

It would be a joy and pleasure
To grasp you by the hand,
To see in fullest measure
Bright smiles your face expand.

I trust you'll have a royal time,
I know indeed you will,
For you've got a splendid State and clime,
And "pep" and brains and skill.

There never was a truer set,
Of men, in any town,
Than the Hawkeye Natives are, "you bet,"
Who gave the State renown.

We've always stood, in the foremost ranks
A great common brotherhood,
And though we've often been called cranks,
All wrongs we have withstood.

We have helped to make the country great;
Foundations deep, we laid,
And we all know how this splendid State,
Of Iowa, was made

We have labored on, for fifty years
But still we're brave and strong;
Some times we've had to look through tears,
When things have all gone wrong.

And now we want to give this toast,
To the State that gave us birth,
And shout her praises in the boast,
She's the greatest State on earth.

So here's to the State, where we were born,
Where we've lived through griefs and joys,
Where we raised big fam'lies, and big corn
God bless our girls and boys.

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

When, at close of day, the sun
Has gone down, and night begun,
Then I like to hear the feet,
Of the people, on the street,
Hear them passing, to and fro
Hither, thither, homeward go.

Then I like to hear the talk,
Of the people on the walk;
Hear the buzzing of the car,
And its honking, near and far;
Hear the inmates laugh and sing
Till they make the echoes ring.

Night is filled with many joys,
For the youthful girls and boys,
Who are merry, every where,
With no thought of life's dull care;
Let them have their fun and joys,
Blessings on the girls and boys.

Later, when the shades of night,
Have shut out all rays of light,
Then again, I hear the feet,
Of the people, on the street,
Many going home to sleep,
Others, going home, to weep.

For the burdens of the day,
Often chase the joys away,
For the older, ones who go,
To their homes, at night, and know
All alone, with none to share.
They have loads that they must bear,

Never since creation's morn,
When our parents, were first born,
Has there been, a day, so bright
But was followed by the night;
Never been, so great a joy,
But had in it, some alloy.

Many carry, to and fro,
Cares and sorrows, we don't know,
And we, carry, all alone,
Cares and sorrows of our own.
And forever will it be,
As it's been, to you and me.

Therefore let us keep in touch,
With the world, and get as much
Of the joys, out of this life,
As we can, 'twixt care and strife;
For, we know, that soon the light,
Must be followed by the night.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL.

I hear the breeze,
Among the trees,
I hear the country 'calling,
And feel as though,
I'd like to go,
Out where the nuts are falling.

This autumn haze,
And dreamy days,
Are certainly inviting;
To take a roam,
Away from home,
I know would be exciting.

I sure would like
To take a hike
Across the country trailing,
Or in a boat,
Go on a float,
Adown some river sailing.

It would be joy,
Without alloy,
To leave the city's humming
And hear around,
The pleasant sound,
Of pheasant in his drumming.

I only wish,
That I could fish,
For bass, or carp or grayling,
In some dark nook,
Or quiet brook,
With no bad luck assailing.

I'd like the fun,
With dog and gun,
Of hunting frisky bunnies;
To cast aside
All care and pride
Oh, wouldn't it be funny?

I hope I may,
Some pleasant day,
Enjoy the country's calling,
Where I may be
From care set free
Out where the nuts are falling.

A DILEMA.

We are all striving for existence,
But most of us meet such resistance,
That we can't make ends meet
By a good many feet,
So we have to bridge over the distance

We need a new coat, but can't muster
The price, so we get out the duster
And go over our hat,
With such vigor that,
We think we can give it new lustre.

The wife needs a new cloak, and a bonnet,
So she sings us a nice little sonnet,
Says she can't go to "club"
And she won't cook our grub
Unless there's a new hat, dog on it.

The family says: "We need an auto;
I know it, and I hadn't ought to
For there's so many bills,
They give me the chills,
To pay them will not be my motto.

We don't want him to grow up a fool,
 So we've sent our big boy off to school,
 Now he's writin' for mon.

The son of a —————

He must think I'm just made for a tool.

Our daughter can sing, like a Linnet,
 And we do not doubt, for a minute,
 She can win a great prize,
 Give the world a surprise,
 But we don't think she'd better begin it.

Now this seems about all there is to it,
 And good people soon may all rue it;
 For they're going it blind
 And are running behind
 And argue "because they all do it."

FACT AND FANCY.

The smallest flower that ever grew,
 Some say, proclaims that God is true,
 And proves, to every life and soul,
 That He is ever in control
 Of nature, and is giving growth
 To plant and animal, and both
 Are proving, in their life and worth,
 The power that gave such wond'rous birth.

Did'st ever think what power Divine
 Controls and keeps this life of thine?
 What unseen force around thy way
 Prolongs thy life, from day to day?
 This strange mysterious force, unknown,
 Is not within thee, not thine own;
 Does not this force, you cannot see,
 Give ample proof of Deity?

Some say, this force comes from above,
 From God, who is the source of love
 And not of justice, as some say,
 And try to prove it in this way:
 "That man is only a machine,
 Placed here, upon the earth, between
 God and the angels, to fulfill
 The mandates of a sovereign will.

Some say, "salvation is for all,
Man never transgressed, did not fall,
Did not surrender paradise,
Is not condemned, by sin and vice;"
Thus believing, Christ hath died in vain:
And all men, dying, will obtain
Life universal, and be saved
No matter how vile, and depraved.

BRAVE MEN OF SIXTY-THREE.

Ye valient men of sixty-three,
We come to-day, to honor thee;
In presence of thy honored dead
We stand, with reverence, and bowed head.

We come to strew with flowers, the grave,
Of him, who in his life was brave;
Who went to fight in Freedom's cause,
And won a nation's loud applause.

We owe a debt we fain would pay,
Here, on this decoration day
To you, brave men of sixty-three,
Who went to fight for Liberty.

We well remember how, you all,
Responded to dear Lincoln's call;
Of how you all went forth to fight,
Subdue the wrong, uphold the right.

The nation's life, was then at stake,
And many hearts seemed near to break
When fathers, brothers, lovers-all
Responded to the country's call.

In many homes, are hearts as brave,
As are the ones who march to save
Their country from the cruel foe;
And, these brave hearts, are filled with woe.

Because they do not know what breath,
Some loved one may be cold in death;
Oh, sad and cruel is the fate,
Of dear ones left, at home, to wait.

A father, brother, youthful son
May never know of vict'ry won;
A comrade, marching by his side
Can only say: "The dear one died.

While fighting, and I saw him fall,
His brave heart pierced by cruel ball."
And thus, are many hearts forlorn
And left at home to grieve and mourn.

To roll of drum, and scream of life,
You went to save your country's life,
In camp, on march, or on the field
You never faltered, did not yield.

In either army, East or West
You always did your very best;
No matter if you "fought 'gainst Lee,"
Or marched "with Sherman to the sea."

Where tasks were hard, and you were sent,
You never faltered, always went;
And where "Old Glory" waved, there you
Were found to do your duty true.

And when the cruel war is o'er,
And you were safe at home once more,
Fond hearts rejoiced, and were made glad,
While others mourned, O God, how sad.

So is it with us here to-day,
Some loved ones here, some are away,
And so we come, with you to weep,
About brave comrades, now asleep.

They live with us, in thought and deed,
Therefore we bring this simple meed
Of flowers, above their graves to strew,
To honor them, and honor you.

There comes to all, through lapse of years,
This sentiment, the soul reveres,
The North, the South, the Blue, the Gray
Clasp hands above no foeman's grave.

From North to South, from East to West
Shall be emblazoned on the crest
Of this grand country, LIBERTY
Land of the Brave, Home of the Free.

WHY SWEAR?

Some men declare,
And then will swear,
To back the declaration,
That they are right,
And in God's sight,
Are clear of condemnation.

THE BOOK declares
The man who swears,
Is in a state of dying,
And that the oath,
And cursing, both,
Are near akin to lying.

I cannot see
Why man should be,
So anxious to be reeking
In sin and shame
And take the name
Of God in vain, thus speaking.

An oath's a prayer,
And every where,
If God should heed the calling,
The world would be
In misery
To human mind appalling.

There's no defense
For this nonsense,
Of adding to each sentence,
This little word,
So often heard,
With men, before repentance.

A man may make,
This bad mistake
In talking to another,
So let's beware,
And never swear
When talking to a brother.

FRIENDS OF YOUTH.

All the friends of youth are dying,
And to-day, for them, I'm sighing,
Will forever more be crying,
Since they'll ne'er come back to me.

A kind father, loving mother,
Gentle sister, stalwart brother,
Have all followed one another
To that bourn I cannot see.

All the joys of youthful greeting,
Of kind friends, and neighbors, meeting,
Have gone by with years that's fleeting,
Joys I never more can know.

Many cups, of pain and pleasure,
We have drained of fullest measure,
These are now the only treasure
Sweet remembrance can bestow.

There can now be no mistaking,
That each step I'm daily taking.
Will soon lead where is no waking
And I know I must be near

To the place where, none returning,
To give light, and truth, concerning,
And to which all feet are turning
With reluctance and with fear.

Yet I feel myself relying
On my Saviour, who in dying,
Satisfied the law, complying
With demands none else could meet.

And I know my friends are living,
That my Saviour is forgiving,
And that there will be thanksgiving
When at Jesus' feet we meet.

ON LOOKING AT THE PICTURE OF AN OLD FRIEND

Old picture, thou hast brought to mind
Remembrance of a friend most kind;
A friend most loyal, true and tried
Who for long years walked by my side.

In years ago, when we were boys,
We played together, with our toys;
In after years, when we were men,
We often romped, together, then.

I thank the artist and the art,
That here so wond'rously impart.
The features of his manly face,
Depicted with such easy grace.

We both were raised upon the farm
Surrounded by sweet nature's charm;
We had our horses, and could ride,
Across the country, far and wide.

We often rode with rapid speed
With tightened rein, and foaming stead;
And, when again, we'd want 'to talk,
We'd let our horses, slowly, walk.

Thus we have ridden many a mile
Across the country, and the while
Be talking what we'd like to do
When we a little older grew.

As we were riding out one day,
We passed a home, not far away
And met two sisters, by the style,
So lingered there a little while.

We often used to go this way,
In after years, so here one day,
My friend got married, such is life,
And took one sister for his wife.

When he had taken home his bride,
We never took another ride,
Across the country, as of yore,
We'd taken many times before.

For many years, he and his wife,
Together lived, a happy life;
Not many years ago they died,
And now lie buried side by side.

Not far from where they lived, for years,
We laid them down, with sighs and tears,
To wait the day, when they shall rise,
To meet their Saviour in the skies.

Although they're mouldring back to clay
I hope to meet my friends some day,
Where friend meets friend, and we shall be
Redeemed through all eternity.

I'll keep thee, likeness of my friend,
Through life, until my life shall end,
Still trusting, we may meet some day,
Where sorrow's tears are wiped away.

FORTNEY'S FLOWER GARDEN.

In my strolls around the town,
I am often caused to frown,
By unsightly crops of weeds

Growing up, and scatt'ring seeds
 On almost every vacant lot,
 Where the owner has forgot
 To get out, with scythe, and mow
 But has let the big weeds grow.

But I'm happy to relate,
 I have found a diff'rent state,
 Out upon a pretty street,
 Where all things, are nice and neat,
 There's a spot out there that's bright
 And it's sure a great delight,
 And it real'y seems to me,
 Worth a trip, out there, to see.

There, for weeds you'll see instead
 Flowers, blooming in a bed,
 All of ver'ing shades and hue,
 Crimson, red, and white and blue—
 Growing out there in the street
 With their perfume rare and sweet;
 And you'll see, there hath been wrought,
 By much skill, a beauty spot

Out of what, has been before,
 Ugliness, and an eye sore;
 And I'll venture, there is not,
 In the town, a lovelier spot.
 It was all done by a man,
 Guess his name, now if you can,
 May he grow to wealth and fame,
 William Fortney, is his name.

Here's example, that should be
 Followed up, by you and me;
 It would make a beauty spot
 Out of our dear old Fort Scott.
 It's a worthy enterprise,
 Looking pretty to the eyes,
 And should all the people make
 Plant bright flowers for BEAUTY'S sake.

FATHOMLESS.

No theme, in all the world of thought
 Is with such wond'rous mis'try fraught,
 No human mind can ever be
 The guardian of its mystery.

It is an attribute Divine,
No mortal ever can define;
'Twas never grasped by human mind,
Yet it embraces all mankind.

Before the world it had its birth,
We live a part of it, on earth,
And every soul must ever be
A part of it—Eternity.

"I CAN FETCH IT! I CAN FETCH IT!"

Have you ever noticed how an engine, in climbing a hill, will emit a series of accented puffs, which by a little stretch of the imagination, you can easily discern closely resembles the declaration, "I can fetch it."

If you never have indulged your plastic fancy thus, listen, some still morning, to an engine, as it goes pulling its ponderous load up the hill, and you can easily detect the "I can fetch it."

Hear that engine, on the hill?
She is workin' with a will,
And is sayn', I can fetch it,
I can fetch it;
Hear her Bill?

She is engine number nine,
And she's workin' mighty fine,
Hear her sayin', I can fetch it,
I can fetch it
Up the line.

Now, I often have allowed,
That her engineer is proud,
When she's sayin', I can fetch it,
I can fetch it,
Clear and loud.

And I calculate he'll brag,
When he sees the heavy drag,
And can hear his engine sayin'
I can fetch it, I can fetch it,
And not fag.

Now, I like to hear her say,
Just about the break of day,
I can fetch it, I can fetch it,
I can fetch it,
All the way.

It is music to my ear,
In the morning, still and clear,
When her merry I can fetch it,
I can fetch it,
I can hear.

It is then I listen long,
To the rhythm of her song,
Hear her sayin', I can fetch it,
I can fetch it,
All along.

'Bove the rumble of the train,
I can hear the faint refrain,
I can fetch it, I can fetch it,
I can fetch it,
The whole train.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

(Written in the beautiful park, in the town of Cameron, Missouri, the morning of July 4, 1915.)

We come to celebrate the day,
Made sacred to us all,
By what our honored fathers did
In Independence Hall.

They signed a document, this day,
Which gave a nation birth,
That since that day has grown to be
The greatest one on earth.

We celebrate, to-day, beneath
Our starry flag unfurled,
And proud are we, that flag to-day
Is floating round the world.

Where'er it's streaming out to-day,
O'er home, or land or sea
It bears to all the pleasing thought
Of Freedom's Jubilee.

Come celebrate our nation's birth,
With flags and banners gay,
And shout the anthem of the free
This Independence Day.

WHEN SCHOOL IS OUT.

On almost every pleasant day,
As I am going on my way,
I pause to see the children play
When school is out.

I like to see them, one and all,
I like to see them, big and small,
Come rushing out, with bat and ball,
When school is out.

I like to see them have their fun,
I like to see them jump and run,
And often wish, that I was one,
When school is out.

I like to see them with their toys,
All glad and happy in their joys,
God bless the pretty girls and boys
When school is out.

O happy childhood, may thy days,
We spent in learning Wisdom's ways
Call forth our longest, loudest praise,
When school is out.

When I recall life's earlier years,
All free from cares, and doubts and fears,
I often look through mists of tears
When school is out.

I know what multitudes have done,
I know these boys and girls will run
The path of life they've now begun,
When school is out.

AMBITION.

Ambition, thou art truly great;
Proud men, and nations, on thee wait;
You build the kingdoms of the earth,
Destroy, and make them of no worth.

You climb the mountains, cross the seas;
You issue edicts and decrees,
You make, and build, a prosp'rous State,
And then destroy it, in your hate.

With guns, and men, and flags unfurled,
You fight the battles of the world;
You leave destruction in your path,
While nations wonder at your wrath.

Inspiring millions, with a greed
Of conquest, which has been their meed,
You've been the cause of all the wars
The world has seen, and still abhors.

You fill the lives of men with woe;
Else, richest blessings you bestow;
You never are quite satisfied,
Your wants are never gratified.

You are the source of constant strife
In every heart, in every life;
You never seem to give consent,
To live, the life, of sweet content.

You are the power within each brain
Which elevates to higher plain;
You are the source, of all that's great,
In every man, in every state.

You are the source of all that's good,
In every quiet neighborhood,
Where peace, and plenty doth abide,
And you work quietly beside.

You are the power within each man,
Which makes him do the best he can
In any task, or enterprise,
Where duty calls, and virtue lies.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Morning.

Thanksgiving Day has come again
The turkey gobbler has been slain
And now is boiling in the pot,
Or roasting in the stove red hot.

The children are all coming home,
Those living near and those who roam,
There's Sue and Nell, Tom and Jack
All wrote that they are coming back.

Just twenty years ago today
Since Tom and Jack both went away
To settle on a claim out West,
And now they're coming home to rest.

They say they've raised a lot of wheat
Their hogs and cattle can't be beat.
And now they're coming home, they say,
To spend with us Thanksgiving Day.

There's brother Jim and Nell and Sue
All coming with their babies, too,
To spend the day with me and Dad—
I feel like cryin' I'm so glad.

I 'spect they'll be a noisy crowd,
'They'll all be talkin' long and loud.
I know they'll make a lot of noise,
Just like a lot of girls and boys.

'They often used to make me mad
But now I know they'll make me glad;
The pleasure only lasts today,
Tomorrow they'll be gone away.

Dad just went driving up the road
To meet the train and bring a load
For Tom and Jack have got some kids
They say can sing like Katydid.

Oh, there they come, a jolly crowd,
With every one a talkin' loud.
I'll go and meet them with a kiss,
Oh, goodness gracious this is bliss.

Evening.

Well, this has been a noisy day
With all the children here at play,
The older ones all talkin' loud,
Well sure it was a merry crowd.

They all came with an appetite—
The way they ate was sure a fright,
They ate the turkey breast and thigh
And gobbled up the pumpkin pie.

I'm wishing now, as I sit here
They all may come again next year
And fill the old house full of noise
God bless the pretty girls and boys.

I think they all are pretty fine,
Grandchildren all are twenty-nine,
And I have got a great big "hunch"
There never was a finer bunch.

KANSAS.

From any angle viewed, she's great;
The big quadrangle, called the State of
Kansas, where the finest soil
Is recompensing honest toil;
Wherein the corn, and oats and rye
Are growing more than ten feet high,
And many great, and wond'rous yields,
Are gathered from her fertile fields.

Here corn will grow a bigger ear,
Her fields produce a bigger steer,
Her farms will yield more good sound wheat,
And furnish more good things to eat;
Her spuds will grow a bigger root,
And then will have some left toboot
Than any other piece of grund,
That boasting man, has ever found.

More manly boys, and pretty girls,
With rosy cheeks, and hair that curls
Around the brightest set of brains,
Are raised upon her pretty plains.
Than can be found in any place
Upon earth's broad and smiling face;
So, long, we'll sing the worthy praise
Of a State, that such fine crops, can raise.

KANSAS PRAIRIES

KANSAS prairies, stretching wide,
We are filled with honest pride,
And are held, as in a trance
Viewing now thy wide expanse.

Many fields of growing grain,
Cover valley, hill and plain;
Filling every heart with joy,
Father, mother, girl and boy.

Endless prairies stretching west
Yielding wheat, "till you can't rest;"
Corn, and Kafir, oats and rye
All seem piling mountain high.

Here is food for man and beast;
Here are train loads, rolling East,
Where are millions to be fed
Crying out for Kansas bread.

Many homes, across the sea,
Are receiving aid from thee;
And all nations of the earth
Are acknowledging thy worth.

Ships are plowing deep the sea,
And are carrying from thee
Corn and flour, bread and meat
To the starving ones to eat.

Though a young and growing State
Kansas, thou art truly great;
Of the continent thou art
The life giving, pulsing heart.

Thou art holding, in thy might,
Gift of heaven, thy own birth-right;
Proud position, which shall be,
Ever more accorded thee.

THE TOWN WE LOVE.

Here's to the town we all love best,
The dearest town in all the West;
We love her well, from her lowly rills,
To the top of her sloping rock-ribbed hills.

We love her, because she tries to be,
A pleasant place, for you and me
To dwell, and where the Marmaton flows,
To slake our thirst. Is it clean? Who knows?

We love her because her streets are clean;
Her beautiful lawns are clothed in green,
Because her street-cars are so slow,
And never in haste, when we want to go.

We love her because her churches and schools
Are open wide, to the wise, and to fools;
Because her members all try to sing,
And her crack ball players, can't win a thing.

We love her because her people scorn
To drink, with the fake, John Barleycorn,
Because they vowed by majority vote,
That if John sneaked in, they would get his "goat."

We say again, we love Fort Scott,
She is to us all, a very dear spot;
For here we have lived, and her may we die,
Where dear ones repose, may you and I.

LUSITANIA.

Mein Fatherland, dear fatherland,
What stain is this I see
Upon thy banners, now unfurled,
O'er home, and land and sea?

Murder! mein Gott, and can it be
Mein fatherland has lent
His armies, and his ships of State,
To slay the innocent?

Mein fatherland, dear fatherland,
The world is all aflame
With indignation, and all view
Thy murd'rous act with shame.

The people of the earth condemn
And look with stern disdain;
Nor all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash away the stain.

The noble ship, with all on board,
The murd'rous shot sent down;
But, deeper than the ocean's depth
It sank the German Crown.

The federation of the world,
When this great conflict ends,
Will never countenance the act
Mein fatherland defends.

METHOUGHT THE ANGELS SINGING.

I heard a maiden singing,
Her notes were clear and ringing,
As she was blithly bringing,
A bucket, from the well.

Unconscious, she was praising,
In notes that she was raising
Her God, with voice amazing,
In tones clear as a bell.

Methought the angels list'ning,
In all their garments glist'ning,
Were eagerly enlisting
To strike their harps of gold

And joining in the chorus,
With heaven bending o'er us,
Were making earth sonorous
With melody untold;

Because, the simple singing
Of a maiden, now, was bringing
The heavenly chorus, ringing,
With a story that is old

To earth, where men are dying,
And ever there is sighing,
By many now denying
There is a God of love

Who listens to the praying,
Of many now essaying,
To please Him in obeying
Who is a God of love.

MUTIBILITY.

We write our names upon the sand,
Quick foll'wing, and with ruthless hand
Another comes, to write his name,
And struggle, both for place, and fame.

He too, will find, as we have found,
There is no place, no solid ground;
His life will, in another age,
Like ours, be an unwritten page.

There are but few, who after death,
Live longer than their fleeting breath;
Of millions who have trod the earth
But few have left a name of worth.

Some men have founded here a State,
We chant their names, and call them great;
While untold millions, strove and grieved,
Yet ne'er a meed of praise received.

Some men, who's skill a war could wage,
Have written names upon the page
Of hist'ry, and for this cause
Have gained a nation's loud applause.

But hopes of life fall thick and fast,
Like leaves in bleek December's blast;
And like them, quiv'ring in the fall,
We soon must go, both great, and small.

'T were better in the ranks of earth,
They never had been given berth,
If numbers, which no one can tell,
Are only food for death and hell.

'Twere blessing, if beyond this life,
There is existence with no strife,
And where our names may some-time be
Enscribed for all eternity.

FORTY YEARS.

For forty years and more, dear wife,
In every kind of weather,
We've traveled down the road of life
Just you, and I, together.

Dost mind when you were scarce nineteen,
And I was somewhat older,
We plighted troth, but were not seen—
Your head upon my shoulder.

I asked you then to be my wife,
You said you would, demurely,
Since then we've trod the way of life
Both trustingly, securely.

Some times the days have all been fair,
Some times they have been dreary;
Some times we've felt like pulling hair
When we've been cross and weary.

Some times our lives have been made glad
And filled to fullest measure;
And sometimes, both have been made sad,
When loosing some rare treasure.

You've always been most kind to me,
Fulfilling every duty,
The best I have to offer thee
Is love, for worth and beauty.

Now dear, we both are growing old,
Soon death our lives will sever,
But never shall our love grow cold
Forever and forever.

We'll travel on, with tired feet,
Until we reach Death's river;
Your heart, and mine, will cease to beat,
Our souls go to the Giver.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

I've visited the old homestead,
The place where I was born;
So many that I knew are dead
I felt myself forelorn.

I walked up to the old front gate,
'Twas hanging by one hinge;
The place now looks so desolate
It almost made me scringe

To see what changes had been wrought
In less than twenty years;
And, standing there, there came a thought
That filled my eyes with tears.

Full sixty years, and more ago,
My parents landed here
To make a home, to plow and sow,
Each one a pioneer.

They prospered here, and blest of heaven,
Through all their griefs and joys,
They raised a family of seven
All rugged girls and boys.

But none of them were standing by
Oh, cruel, cruel fate,
And this is why, I had to cry,
While standing at the gate.

A stranger met me at the door,
But no familiar voice
Was there to welcome, as of yore,
And bid my heart rejoice.

I saw the house, walked to and fro
Where both my parents died,
And where each sister, long ago,
Was wed, a happy bride.

Not one of them is living now,
All have been dead for years;
And as I write, I sor'wing bow
And look through mists of tears.

I visited the big old barn,
Where oft I used to play
With ball my mother made of yarn,
Oh, blessed boyhood day.

The dear old barn is standing now,
Just as it stood the day
I turned the handspring, from the mow,
And romped amidst the hay.

I wandered out across the fields
Where first I learned to plow,
Where oft I gathered in the yields
I well remember now.

I trod again the old back lane
With measured step and slow,
And Oh, I wished them back again,
The days of long ago.

I went down to the dear old spring
Where oft I used to drink,
And then in boyish glee would fling
Myself upon its brink.

Oh, joyous were the days I spent
In this old pleasant home,
Before the demon, discontent
Had caused me far to roam.

AUTUMN.

There's beauty in the country now
These splendid Autumn days,
The fields and woodlands all are wrapt
In Indian Summer haze.

There's tonic in the atmosphere
There's splendor in the trees,
The nuts are falling one by one
In every passing breeze.

Last night the Master Painter
Went out with frost and cold
And painted all the forest trees
In crimson and in gold.

The sweet perfume of rip'ning fruit
Is floating in the air
And filling richly all the earth
With sweetness everywhere.

The faithful farmer now is cheered
While working in the fields
And sees great wealth while in his mind
He figures up the yields.

The frost is on the pumpkin vine—
Is hanging on the trees
In drops that sparkle in the sun
Like pearls of Orient seas.

Let's all go out and spend the day
And have some jolly fun,
And get a right good welcome tan
While romping in the sun.

You take along your fishing rod
And I will take my gun;
We'll fish and hunt and hunt and fish,
Oh, won't we have some fun?

We'll take a basket full of "grub"
In auto or on train
And bid farewell to every care
Till we come back again.

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

I remember well, my first day 'at school;
I went with my sister, in the morning cool;
We walked straight in, at the open door,
And she whispered to me, "Sit by Billy Moore."

Billy sat alone, on a low front seat,
He had no coat on, was in his bare feet;
His legs were too short, by a foot or more,
To reach to the school house, oaken floor.

My mother had told me, before I went,
Not to whisper without the teacher's consent,
But Billy began to talk, right away,
"You can whisper when teacher, is turned away,"

But I was afraid, so sat there dumb,
Rememb'ring my mother's command was, "mum";
Pretty soon the girls, and all the boys,
Jumped up and began to make a noise.

They all ran out, through the open door,
And among the rest, went Billy Moore;
I didn't know what all this movement meant,
So sat there, feeling a discontent;

At last my sister came over to say,
"It's recess now, you can run out and play,"
So I made a dash, through the open door,
And there, just outside, stood Billy Moore.

We scampered out, together, to play
And a friendship was firmly sealed that day
That lasted through all these fleeting years,
And to-day I look through a mist of tears,

And feel, in my soul, a sad lament,
For kind friends, to-day, a message sent
And this is the words the message bore,
"To-day died your school mate, Billy Moore."

IN MEMORIAM.

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death,
And we are standing, with bated breath,
In Thy dread presence, again today,
For thou hast taken our brother away.

Our hearts are riven with sorrow and grief,
And no mortal can come to our relief;
But, we have a Comforter, who can save,
For Jesus has triumphed o'er Death and the grave.

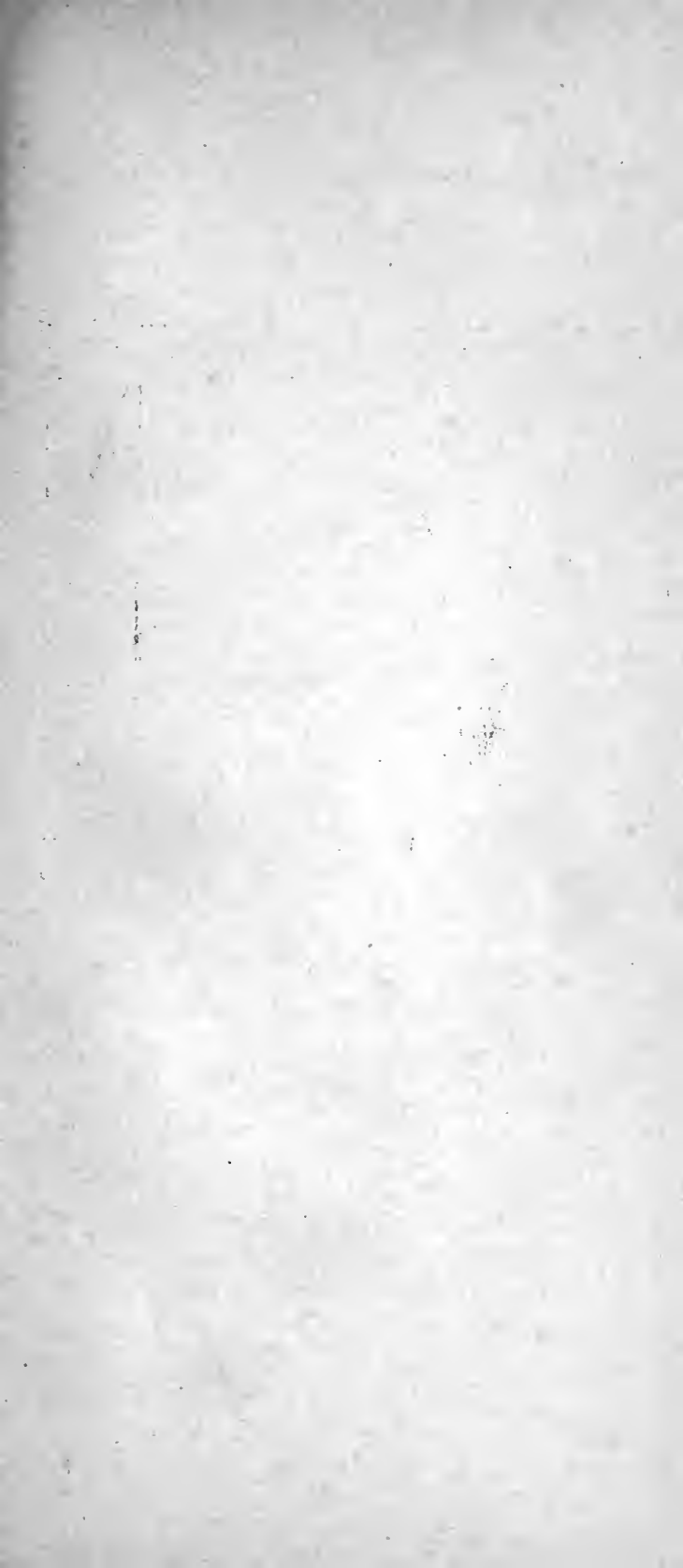
We know our brother hath given his heart,
To his Saviour, and chosen that better part,
Like the sister, in that sweet story of old,
And for this, today, are our hearts consoled.

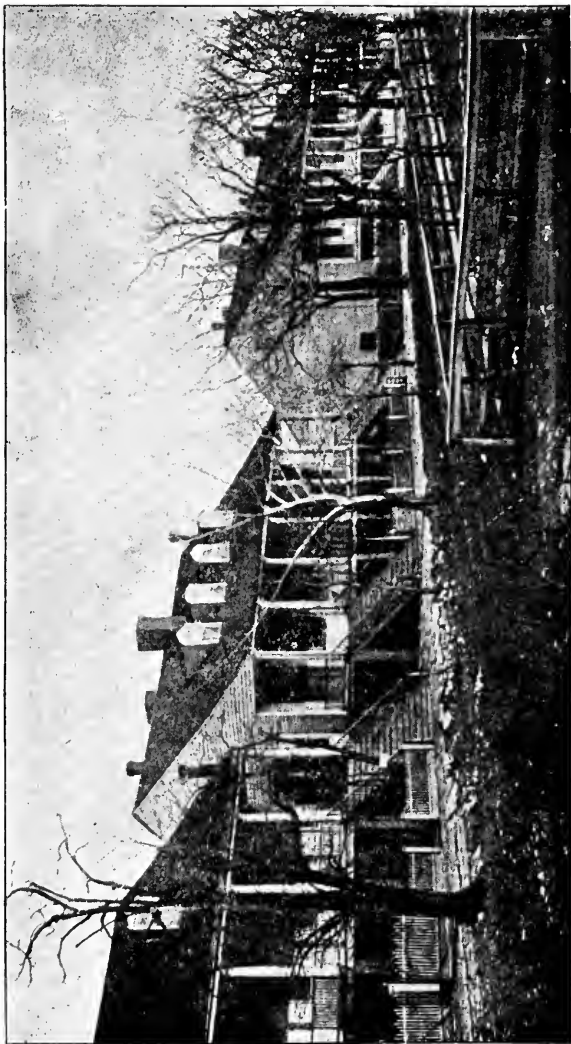
I come today to mingle my tears,
With all who have known him for many years,
And am consoled as together we weep
With the knowledge, our brother hath fallen asleep

To arise again, in some bright day,
Where sorrow's tears are wiped away
By Him who hath given his life to save,
The soul of our brother, from Death and the grave

Though his manly form we no more shall greet
Neither in God's house, nor on the street;
Yet his upright life has left its impress
In blessedness words cannot express.

The sweet remembrance of his pure life
Is consolation to children and wife,
And may its influence, over all,
Like a silent benediction fall.





RELICS OF A PAST AGE

These Buildings Erected by the Government in 1843 are still standing on the Plaza in Fort Scott.

THE OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS ON PLAZA.

Old houses I wish you could tell
The hist'ry you all know so well.
I wish that you had speech and voice
That you might cause us to rejoice

By telling stories of the past,
The secrets you are holding fast,
Of men who built you, how and when,
Now passed the reach of mortal ken.

Whence came the man of cunning hand,
Who built you, and who now command
The homage of a grateful state
That since your birth has grown so great

I wish you'd tell us, if you know,
The names of men who long ago
Went forth in Freedom's cause to fight,
Subdue the wrong, uphold the right.

Their names are on the honor rolls
A grateful country now extols
And generations yet to be
Will honor them, will honor thee.

For many years around your base
Dwelt men whose names we now can trace,
And many we will never know
Went forth to battle long ago.

Full fifty years, and more have past
Since all the people stood agast
To see the South, in discontent,
Ceceed and leave the country rent.

The North sent out a call to arms,
And "Brave men used to war's alarms"
Went out to fight in Freedom's cause
And gain a Nation's loud applause

Brave Lyon then was in command
And said, "My men, let's take a hand
In this great deadly mortal strife."
So all marched out with drum and fife.

It wasn't far they had to go
At Wilson's Creek they met the foe,
And early in the awful strife
Brave Lyon yielded up his life.

A regiment from Hawkeye State
Had lost their Colonel, cruel fate,
Then Lyon, seated on his steed
Cried, "Come, brave boys, I now will lead."

Scarce had been uttered this last word
When scream of minie-ball was heard,
With deadly aim the ball was sent
To kill the general, the intent.

O, God! it seems an awful shame
That fellow man should take cool aim
And send a ball to take the life
Of fellow man in deadly strife.

Old houses, if you all could tell
Of other men you knew so well
Your tales would make a mighty book
In which we all would often look

To read about the great and small
Whose names are written on your wall,
You'd tell us of the pioneer
Whose life you've sheltered when in fear,

You'd tell of men of great renown
Who often used to come to town,
And tell us of the gala day
Before the rail road came this way.

You've watched the immigration tide
Go flowing past you far and wide.
You've seen the wilderness subdued
By men who came here well imbued

With enterprises truly great
To found a young and growing state,
You've seen the city of Fort Scott
Grow up around your Plaza lot.

You sure have done your duty well
Have stood a silent sentinel
Upon the prairies vast and wide
To men a silent, faithful guide.

Now, since you're growing old and brown
I hope the people of this town
Will not permit you to decay
But save you for the coming day

When generations yet to be
May look upon you and may see
Grow up around on every side
A city that may long abide.

With veneration and with pride
May men be honored who have died
To found a nation that shall be
The guardian of our liberty.

THE OLD FARM IN KANSAS.

We went out today, to see the old farm;
The place that still holds, for us all, a charm,
Where we spent pleasant days, in the years gone by,
Mamma, and Guy, and Hubert and I.

We came there to live, twenty years ago,
Before we were gray, and our steps were slow,
Mamma, and I, with our two boys, who then
Were little chaps, now they are both grown men.

We left the fair land of the Chief Black-Hawk,
And came to dwell, with the Kansas Jay-Hawk
Not knowing what kind of a neighbor he'd make,
But soon, we found we had made, no mistake;

For, he was as kind, as a neighbor could be,
Was always pleasant, and we could agree;
Thus joyful, and glad, were the days that we spent
On the farm, and were sad, when away we went

We left the old farm, with a sigh of regret,
And often we yearn, to return to it, yet,
But the cares of life, and the burden of years,
Fill our hearts with sadness, our eyes with tears.

The barn still stands, in its coat of red,
But the neighbor, who built it has long been dead;
The orchard, that yielded such luscious fruit,
Is gone, and the voice of the planter, is mute.

I gazed at the fields, where in days gone by
I had plowed, with the trusted Mat and Fly—
The team I brought from the Iowa farm—
They were gentle and true, and were void of harm.

We met kind friends there, to-day, who were quick
To minister to us, when we were sick;
Their kindness has formed a friendship, that ever,
Shall last, until death, alone shall sever.

WIND AND SEASONS.

In the winter, I come with a train
Of snow, I pile in ridges,
In summer, I come with the rain
That washes out the bridges.

In winter, I come with a blast
That freezes up the rivers;
In summer time, when I blow past
The water shakes and quivers.

In spring-time, when the buds come out,
And roses bloom and blossom,
I linger lazily about
And some times play the possum,

But when a cloud comes floating by,
Before you think, I've met it,
And where the earth is parched and dry
We send the rain to wet it.

And when beneath the summer drouth,
The earth crys out for water,
I fiercely blow, from out the South,
Until each day seems hotter.

I pity all who thus complain:
"We cannot stand this weather,"
So then we bring the gentle rain,
The clouds, and I, together.

At last, when Autumn days are born,
To cloth the earth in beauty,
I blow amongst the rip'ning corn,
And thus fulfill my duty.

And when the winter comes again,
And snow, the whole earth covers,
I come from out the Arctic plain,
And blow for winter lovers.

OUR FIREMEN.

We often think the fireman's lot
An easy one, but it is not;
For, he may be called, in noon day bright,
Or in the middle of the night.

He always comes, at our frightened call,
When fire breaks out in room or hall;
At tap of the bell, he comes with speed,
With clanging gong and foaming steed.

We see him sitting, as we pass by
Close by the door, and we wonder why;
He is sitting there, so he may hear,
The wild alarm, we so much fear.

He knows the dreaded call, of fire,
May come any minute, o'er the wire,
So he watches our property, day by day,
While we are at home, or when away.

We never think of his weary days,
'Till we see our home enveloped in blaze;
We call for him then, with all our might,
At noon-day, or in darkest night.

Let's be considerate of his lot,
And in our homes forget him not;
A pleasant word, a fragrant flower,
May cheer him, in some watchful hour.

THANKSGIVING TIME.

One by one the leaves are falling;
'Caw, caw, caw,' the crows are calling
Across the fields, to one another
As brother calleth unto brother.

The wind through naked branches sighing
Sounds like the voice of human crying;
The song birds, all have ceased their singing
And Southward now, their way are winging.

That turkey gobbler now is shying
Around the barn, there's no denying;
Just like he thought there'd be a wedding,
And that would spell his dire beheading?

The little duck, keeps up a squaking,
Until you can't hear yourself talking;
The noisy rooster keeps on crowing,
And never sees where he is going.

Until the owner's reckless chopping
Cuts off his head, and leaves him flopping,
The owner next, with ax, will tackle
The duck and gobbler, while hens cackle.

Oh, awful is the slaughter raging,
That men and hungry boys are waging
Upon the birds of every feather
Each day, this cool November weather.

Out in the pen, fat pigs are grunting,
And in the woods Nimrods are hunting
For quail, or duck or frisky bunny
And thinking all the time it's funny.

The farmer now, his corn is shucking,
Or from the trees ripe apples plucking;
All happy in the act of living,
And getting ready for Thanksgiving.

SLEIGHING.

It's fun to go sleigh riding
O'er creaking snow swift gliding,
To hear the sleigh bell jingle,
While happy voices mingle
In laughter, loudly ringing,
Or sweet melodious singing.
It's fun to hear the talking,
Or pretty girls, all squaking,
Their cheery voices mingling
With bells so clearly ringing,
Until the sled upsetting,
Turns joy to loud regretting.
But who would think of grumbling,
When in a snow bank tumbling?
If other party's willing,
Although it's somewhat chilling,
You gather up with pleasure,
A whole arm full of treasure.
Your treasure may be weighty,
If it is Nell or Katy,
And because she isn't lighter,
You have to hold the tighter,
And troth may there be plighted
Before the sled is righted.

HEART AND I.

For sixty years, and more dear heart,
We've been good friends till now,
And never have we been apart,
Nor ever had a row.

You've some times filled me with alarm
When you have ceased to throb,
Just for a moment, but no harm,
Since you've been on the job.

Of all my friends you are the best,
You've worked both night and day,
You've never taken any rest,
Nor tried to run away.

You always seem to be at work,
Not often to be told;
But some times now, you try to shirk,
Since we are growing old.

You never used to try such tricks
When we were young and gay,
But now you do it "fiddle sticks,"
Well, almost every day.

The doctors said I musn't run,
To make me out of breath,
For you might quit me, just for fun,
And that might cause my death.

They told me you might stop some day
And never more would beat;
They told me that might be the way
You'd knock me off my feet.

You haven't done so yet, old friend,
I hope you never will,
But keep on beating to the end
And thus your task fulfill.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

It was a joyful day we spent,
Out in the country, sure;
Fishing and hunting on the lake,
Breathing the air so pure.

As we went sailing up the road,
At thirty miles about,
We met the farmers coming in,
As we were going out.

At evening, when we turned about,
To make our homeward spin,
We met the farmers going out
As we were coming in.

We saw great fields of rip'ning grain
Now waiving in the sun;
The farmer, with his sickle keen
The harvest just begun.

It was a goodly sight to see
Long rows of growing corn;
The playful colts, the gentle lambs,
Creations newly born.

The sky was clear, and every where
We felt the gentle breeze
Come stealing round us, as we sat
Beneath the spreading trees.

The cricket, in the matted grass,
Was cherping his delight,
While just above him, on the fence
The quail piped out, Bob White.

A bull frog, in a near by lake,
Was croaking long and loud;
The pea-cock, in his lordly strut,
Was doing himself proud.

It truly was a gorgeous day;
All nature seemed in tune,
For what is rarer than a day
In this grand month of June?

The finny tribe was rather shy,
And must have taken fright,
For though we angled, with all skill,
We never got a bite.

Although we never caught a fish
We had a lot of fun,
And got a right good wholesome tan,
While romping in the sun.

KANSAS AND HER PEOPLE.

Hurrah for Kansas! she always wins
In every task she ever begins;
She has always won, and she always will,
For she's got the "pep," the brains and the skill.
Her men and women stand in foremost ranks
And they mind it not, if they are called "cranks,"
They are independent, and know their needs,
In politics, or religious creeds.

The early settlers, on her fertile plains,
Oft carried scars; and with bloody stains,
They started a war, that freed a race,
And blotted out a nation's disgrace.
Up from the soil, of her treeless plains,
Has sprung a race, with brawn and brains;
Treading the paths their forbears trod,
With faith in themselves, their State and God.

They love their State, from her tiny rills
To the top of her sloping, rock ribbed hills,
And where ever the Stars and Stripes may wave,
It will not be over hearts more brave.

They gave their vote to honest Woodrow,
Because they are wise, and always know
How to give accent to their own broad views,
Therefore they didn't all vote for Hughes.

The ladies who came, in a palace train,
From "away down East," were a little too vain,
They made all the Kansas ladies smile,
When they found no brains, but lots of style.
The ladies "from way down East," said: "Vote
För the honor of all our sires, remote;"
Then the Kansas ladies, said: "We know
Whom to vote for, his name is Woodrow."

They further said: "He kept us from war,
The awful thing we all abhor,
So we will help our men elect
This man Woodrow, whom we all respect."
So the ladies in the palace train,
All turned around, and went home again;
And they said: "We abandoned to their fate,
Those people out in the Jayhawk State."

"The people out in the Kansas State
Seem all, to be getting along first rate;
And each one has a mind of his own,
So we made up our minds to let them alone;
The people of that Western section
Will vote as they please, at the election."
And that is so; the women and men
Have sent our Woodrow back again.

November 7, 1916.

NIGHT.

There was beauty out of doors last night;
Stars winking,
And blinking,
While sinking,
Westward, the pale moon shed her silvery light.

All the million stars were standing still,
Not sighing,
Nor crying,
Each trying
His silent mission to fulfill.

I stood outside the door, 'twas grand,
With awe,
I saw,
A million worlds all move at God's command.
Half way up the Northern sky, alone
Standing,
Commanding
The Seven stars, Polaris shone.

I turned, and turning looked across
The sky,
On high
And there beheld the beautiful Southern Cross.
Above, by mortals never trod,
Still lay,
Milky way
Like Jacob's ladder, leading up to God.

LIFE.

What is this thing called life?
Also, what is the soul,
Which in this world of strife,
Is given, to my control?

I did not ask to live,
Nor do I ask to die;
No human e'er can give,
Knowledge, for which I sigh.

Must soul and body part,
When death shall come to me,
And ever dwell apart
Throughout eternity?

This body must decay,
Must cease, this beating heart,
And be of lifeless clay,
Initismal part.

Returned again to earth,
An inanimate clod,
Shall I again have birth,
From my creator, God?

If God had power to give,
This life, I now enjoy,
To cause me thus to live,
My body to destroy

Can not He recreate,
This body, and control
In reunited state,
This body, with the soul?

Existence is to me
A thing I cannot know—
A fearful mystery!
Perhaps 'tis better so.

PREPAREDNESS.

Our Uncle Sam is "too big to fight,"
Yet he's always found on the side of right;
His nephews and nieces need not be scared;
It makes no difference if he's not prepared;
The stalwart man, from the Western plain,
Will march by the side of the man from Maine;
They have always won, and they always will,
For they've got the "pep," the brains and the skill.

Hail! Proud Columbia; she always wins,
In every task she ever begins;
She wins with ease, for brave Uncle Sam
Is her escort, and he's no spring lamb.
His nephews and nieces need not be scared,
It makes no difference if he's not prepared;
He has always won and he always will,
For he's got the "pep," the brains and the skill.

We needn't be scared for old John Bull
Has certainly got both his hands full;
And der kaiser, who lives in old Berlin,
Is not in shape to get his knife in

To Uncle Sam, who is always prepared
So his nephews and nieces need not be scared,
For he's always won and always will,
For he's got the "pep", the brains and the skill.
The people say, and they utter the facts,
"We all love peace, and don't want to be taxed
To build a navy to make a great show,
So now, Uncle Sam, you'd better go slow;
Don't get excited and don't get scared,
For don't you know, we're always prepared,
We have always won and we always will,
For we've got the "pep," the brains and the skill.

ARGUMENT.

If there's no God, no first great cause,
Why should men try to gain applause?
Why should they labor to attain
To more exalted state and plain?
If death ends all, and there shall be
Eternal night—nonentity,
What need for preacher, priest or saint?
Why need be holden in restraint?
If only for the praise of men,
Man holds himself in bounds, what then
Would be the state, if man should break
The laws of God, and man, and take
The reins of universe, and strive
All hope of future to deprive?
Would not men every where rebel,
And turn this earth into a hell?
If this vast universe is ruled
By chance, and ignorance unschooled,
And thus, be over thrown the thought
That God omnipotent hath wrought
Creation, in His mighty power,
And doth maintain it every hour,
Then what inducement, in the strife,
To live a better, purer life?
The wisest man who ever wrote
Along this line, in age remote
Had this to say, I quote in part,
"The fool hath said in his own heart,
There is no God;" and, many still
Are saying this, and ever will;
But many more find sweet content
In believing God Omnipotent.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word,
So often heard,
May change the current of our thought
To channels that have long been dry,
And cause us oft to wonder why
Some old time friend has been forgot.

We look through tears,
To other years,
And long to see, yet long in vain
For friends, who walked close by our side,
In other years, at Christmas-tide,
For friends who'll ne'er come back again.

Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Who often held us by the hand,
Have gonē the way of all the earth;
Remembrance of them checks our mirth,
But why, youth cannot understand.

A mist of tears,
In later years,
May dim the youthful eyes, now bright,
When cold experience has cast
A shadow o'er their lives, at last
They'll know then, why we're sad tonight.

THE NEW BORN KING.

The stars were shining brightly,
The night was calm and still,
The moon was slowly sinking
Behind the western hill.

There were, in that same country,
Abiding in the fields
The shepherds, who were watching
Their flocks, with crook and shields,

When lo' the angels coming,
Shed 'round them wond'rous light;
And heavenly hosts appearing
Filled them with sore afright.

"Behold we bring good tidings"

The herald angel sang,

Until the arch of heaven,

With wond'rous music rang

There never was such music

As filled the earth and sky,

When, "Glory in the Highest,"

Was chanted from on high.

PEACEFUL RIVER.

Oft times I've crossed the prairies wide,

And climbed the rugged mountain side:

Have heard the sullen ceaseless roar

Of sea waves, beating on the shore;

Have traversed valley, hill and plain,

Yet, always have come back again

To where the river, running down,

Is singing past my old home town.

I've listened to cathedral bells,

To organ, when it grandly swells,

To trumpets, when they loudly crash,

In tones that seemed to go to smash;

But none of these are half so sweet

As are the tones that always greet

Me from the river running down

And singing, past my home and town.

I've listened to the reverend preach

In very eloquence of speech,

Have heard the learned ones define

In isms that seemed almost Divine;

And, now I do not here complain,

But nature's language seemed more plain

From out the river, running down,

And singing past my old home town.

I've heard the loud Niagara roar,

Have seen the waves, beat on the shore

From out the ocean; heard complain

The baffled waters, in refrain,

Yet naught in nature is more grand,

When God lets filter through His hand

The peaceful river, running down

And singing, past my old home town.

Our proud position is the heart
Of this grand continent; the part
That gives us life, and here is seen
Great fields, arrayed in living green,
And coursing through the wide expanse
The river flows, and doth enhance
The wealth of all, and running down
Goes singing past my old home town.

Were Volga, Danube, classic Rhine
And all the other rivers mine,
I'd gladly change them for the one,
That shim'ring, murmur'ing in the sun,
Goes hurrying onward to the sea,
And gleaming, gleaming, says to me,
"I'm busy now, and running down,
Am singing past your home and town."

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

Christmas has come and gone again,
With joy to some, to others pain,
For mingled in our lives, so brief,
Is much of joy, is much of grief.

In this bright home, a happy bride,
In yonder home some one has died;
This year your boy, with dog and sled
Is happy, next, he may be dead.

This year your little girl so fair
With dimpled cheeks and curly hair,
May be your joy, your only pride,
Next christmas, she too may have died.

What doom awaits us in each life,
So full of sorrow and of strife,
No one can tell, no one declare;
It may be joy or black despair.

It is not best for us to dwell
Upon the things we cannot tell
May come to pass, so let's rejoice
With gladness in each heart and voice.

Look up, brave heart, do not repine,
Behind the clouds the sun must shine,
We all must feel the chast'ning rod—
All joys and sorrows come from God.

Of all glad seasons, this should be
The gladdest one to you, and me,
It celebrates the wonderous birth
Of Him who came to save the Earth
From sin and death, from dark despair;
The wonderous love of God declare;
Give promise of a future life
Beyond the grave, where is no strife.

On Beth'lem's plains, with sore affright
The shepherds saw a wonderous light,
Heard all the choirs of heaven sing
Hozannas to the new born King.

No mortal ears have ever heard
Such music, and such wonderous word,
As angels sang and chanted then
"Peace on the Earth, Good Will to Men."

A DAY IN THE PARK.

I spent the day out under the trees,
With birds, and flowers and humming bees;
Where the air was lad'ned with perfume rare
Of roses, blooming everywhere.

I heard the song of the merry lark,
The Bob-White's call, the red squirrel's bark;
While the croaking frog, on the near by brink
Joined in chorus loud, with the Bobolink.

All nature there seemed in accord,
From the cricket, down in the verdant sward,
To the crane, with his note, distinct and loud,
Sailing away, 'neath the passing cloud.

Looking up, to the great blue firmament,
I saw the tall trees gently bent
By the wind; heard tones, eolean grand,
Played by the sweep of the Master's hand.

They came in cadences soft and low,
Like tones of the sweet pianissimo
Before they break into chorus grand
When led by the Great Conductor's hand.

I love to stand 'neath the spreading trees
And feel the North wind's cooling breeze,
When it sounds in a wild tumult'ous roar,
Like sea waves, breaking, upon the shore.

It comes like the charge of tramping feet,
Yet does no harm, and is soon in retreat
To gather new forces, as before
Or going on we hear it no more.

IS LIFE A GAMBLE?

This life seems all a gamble,
And, some-times, the biggest prize
Goes to some one in the scramble,
Who is neither smart nor wise.
With no reason for the turning,
Will the wheel of Fortune move,
And some one, without discerning,
Will my proposition prove.

One may easy gain distinction,
And the world will call him wise,
While his brother meets extinction
In a worthy enterprise.
One may be an honest neighbor,
And may work, and strive and save;
Yet, with all his strife and labor
Fill a worthless pauper's grave.

No one thanks him for his labors,
Though he always took a part,
In the welfare of his neighbors—
He was big and strong of heart.
He lived there in a humble way,
Down by the river side,
Not many people called the day
He lay down, there, and died.

His brother drew a bigger prize,
Was honored in his day;
Was prospered in each enterprise
He undertook to sway.
And when he died the people came,
And with streaming eyes,
For he was rich, and in life's game
Had drawn a richer prize.

FAREWELL TO MR. BENNING.

Mr. Benning, we should like to know
If, when you gather up and go
Away from our dear old Fort Scott,
You'll some times think of us, or not?

We'd like to keep you, all right here,
For when you go we'll drop a tear;
And lids, that have for years been dry,
Will moisten, when we say good-bye.

You've been most kind, to all the boys,
You've mingled in their griefs and joys;
You've not been stingy of your means
But fed them, lavishly, on beans.

We're glad of this, and glad to know
That when you reach New Mexico,
Your eyes will rest on pretty scenes,
Among them, whole big fields of beans.

When you, at last, have settled down
To live in Albuquerque town.
We hope kind friends will clasp your hand
Beyond the River Rio Grande.

And say to you: "We're mighty glad
To have you come," so don't be sad;
You'll meet true hearts, out where you go,
For we have lived there, and we know.

We know you'll soon be hard at work,
For this we know, you never shirk;
Where tasks are hard and duty calls
There you'll be found, what'er befalls.

The many friends, you leave behind,
Will cherish memories most kind;
Your prayers, your joyful voice in song
Are treasures, which to us belong.

Now, as we look through mists of tears,
There comes this thought, the soul reveres,
It's this, that we shall meet, some day,
Where parting tears are wiped away.

We say to you, good-bye, dear friends,
And trust that God, who still defends
His chosen ones, will be your guide,
And that no evil may betide

You, as you go upon your way
But may your lives, from day to day
Grow brighter, like the rising sun,
Until you hear the words, "Well done."

A HOME IN THE COUNTRY FOR ME.

Give me a home in the country side,
With fields stretching out, on every side,
Where cattle roam, o'er grassy hills,
And at night come home, with milk, that fills
Huge buckets up, to the very brim,
And also, the stomachs, of Tom and Jim.

And when the shafts of the morning light,
Are chasing away the shades of night,
I love to list to the merry lark
And the pleasing sound of Towser's bark,
Then to feed the horses, in their stalls,
All before a voice, to breakfast calls.

And then, I like to go out to plow,
To raise more corn, to feed the old sow;
Her grunt I like, 'tis a pleasant sound,
Since she is worth fifteen cents a pound;
And too, the hen, with the yellow leg,
Pays for her corn, when she lays an egg.

I know the cost of living is high,
And pity all those, who have to buy;
But when I have some produce to sell,
These high prices, please me mighty well;
I also know: If we raise a crop
The soaring of prices, soon must stop.

Then here's to the country—its the place
To raise boys and girls, a sturdy race
Since up from its homes have come the men
And women, who've stood in the front ranks when
The Nation needed a strong right arm
To shield it from every foe, and harm.

3-18-17.

FACES OF LONG AGO.

Where are the faces of long ago,
Familiar faces that I loved so?
Beautiful faces, serene and bright,
That filled my soul with a strange delight?

There were Tom and Jim, and Kate and Nell,
Henry, Billy and Jocy, and Belle;
Of all I recall, there are but few,
Where are the others? I wish I knew.

While sitting here, by the cheerful fire,
My thoughts run back, with longing desire,
To the days of youth, and I long to know,
Where are the faces, of long ago?

We often met, at the school house door,
But now alas! we shall meet no more,
For some are away, in foreign lands,
And some are sleeping, with folded hands.

Some are still living, back there today,
Near the old school house, but heads are gray;
The ancestral acres, they still own,
And have big families of their own.

Their children meet at the school house door,
As did their forebears, in days of yore;
Their feet today, tread paths as they go,
Made sacred by parents, long ago

And now, as I write, oh, how I'd like
To go across the field, on a hike,
Down to the dear old school house, once more,
And meet the boys and girls at the door.

I fancy now, I could pick the face
Reflecting the mother's easy grace;
And also think, I could know, and tell
The daughters of Jocy, Kate and Nell.

And then, when the boistrous boys come in,
With merry shout, and familiar grin,
I think I'd have no trouble to know
By faces, the sons of Tom and Joe.

And then, I should like to see the place
I carved my name, while the teacher's face
Was turned away; now the patient soul
Is sleeping up yonder, on the knoll.

And then I should like to drink my fill,
From the bubbling spring, just under the hill,
Then scamper away, through the naked wood,
Oh, that would be joy, now, if I could.

3-4-17.

SONG OF LIBERTY.

The scream of the fife, and the roll of the drum
Are calling again, to brave countrymen, come
And join in the columns, now forming to fight
In the cause of humanity, justice and right.

Awake, ye brave sons of Columbia, wake;
The cause of your liberties, now is at stake;
The kingdoms of earth, are arrayed in their might,
Shall Tyranny reign, or shall Justice and Right?
Our fore-fathers fought that this country be free;
Established their rights, on the land and the sea,
The covenant sealed, with the blood of their slain,
And shall we not fight, these great rights to maintain?
Yes, we've heard the call, and with hearts brave and true,
We're coming to carry the Red, White and Blue,
Our glorious emblem of world liberty,
To the banks of the Meuse, and the Rhine, if need be.
United and loyally taking our stand,
We rally today, neath the flag of our land,
And with malice toward none, hence-forth this shall be
Our motto: "The paths of the sea shall be free."
4-9-17.

THE FARMER'S COMPLAINT.

The year of 1915 was a very wet one, during the early months of the summer, and frequent complaints were heard from the farmers about the condition of their crops.

Old nature's irrigation plant
Has started, and won't stop, or can't
It rains now, almost every day,
And nearly washes us away.
She's causing all the corn to burn,
Until it won't be worth a durn;
She's making lots of farmers mad,
She's acting up, so awful bad.
The farmers, now, begin to swear,
When they come down to market square;
And some are feeling all forlorn,
And say, "We won't raise any corn."
They say, "This irrigation plant
Has got to let up, or we can't
Get out to cut our crop of oats,
Unless we get a lot of boats.
It's not so bad, some others say,
For "Mr. Chintz bug's washed away;
If't hadn't been for this here rain,
We couldn't a raised a bit of grain."
It's an ill wind that blows no good,
We'd stop this raining, if we could,
But since it's certain that we can't
Why, what's the use for us to rant?

GREAT MEN AND CHAUTAUQUA.

I have mingled with great men,
And have listened to them, when
They have uttered some great truth,
For the aged and the youth.

They can make a man feel bad;
And, some-times a little mad
At Chautauqua, when they talk,
And where all the people gawk.

They have filed on this old saw,
'Till the theme has gotten raw,
Tellin' how each man and wife
Should live happily in life.

They say, "the men are always cross,
And that they always watn to boss,
And that their wives they never kiss,"
And do other things amiss.

They all say, "You old man go
Home, and try to act the beau;
Take your wife right in your arms,
Tell her, she has many charms;

And you great big ugly man,
Smile as sweetly, as you can,
Act just as you used to do,
Yhen your wife, you went to woo.

Squeeze her hand, and tell her she
Is as sweet as she can be;
Tell her nice things, like you said,
In the days before you wed."

Now the people think it fun,
Pay their money by the ton,
Go in crowds and in a rush,
All to hear this kind of gush.

All the people are so queer,
And, all want to see and hear
What the smart men have to say,
In their pleasing kind of way.

This Chautauqua is the thing,
Where they talk, and play and sing;
Where the men of tongue and brain,
Always, nicely, entertains.

'There they pass the pleasant days,
Learning much of Disdom's ways,
From smart men, who talk aloud,
And thus please, the eager crowd.

People like to be amused,
But don't like to be abused;
So they pay their money out,
And, will laugh, and cheer and shout.
When the smart man, tells them how
To prevent, a family row
In a way, that pleases all,
And no one gets mad at all.

A MOOTED QUESTION.

All nature seems to be disjointed,
And many who seem disappointed
In the faiths, that teachers teach,
And the gospel preachers preach
Say these teachings, they're not believing,
And that the preachers, are deceiving.
They say, these faiths are all bravados;
When storms, and floods and fierce tornados
Go sweeping over homes and land,
Destroying much on every hand,
Refute the teachings, of the teacher,
And all the preachings of the preacher.
They say, "There is no God of feeling;
Disasters are the facts revealing."
While Christians say, "the God above
Is truly, a great God of love,
And all these floods, and dire disasters,
Are only proofs that God still masters."
That man is only circumstantial;
Not all his aims should be financial,
That money's not the only goal,
But greater is the worth of soul
Than all the wealth that world can offer,
Despite the scoff'ring of the scoffer.
The logic of the disbeliever
Is worthless, and a vile deceiver,
"There is no God, the fool hath said,"
Is a vile doctrine, long since dead,"
Declare the teaching of the teacher,
As do the preaching, of the preacher.
This is a question long debated,
And by the orthodox man hated,
Because it seeks to undermine
The teachings of the Word Divine;
And still the skeptic is contending
The faith the preacher is defending.

THE BOY AND THE CLOCK.

Ticking away, at a rapid rate,
Gettin' nowhere, seems to be thy fate;
Tellin' us when to go to bed,
Tellin' us when we ought to be fed.

Sometimes we think you're a little fast,
When we're havin' fun and want it to last;
Then ag'in, we think, you are a little slow,
When we are ready and want to go.

You keep on tickin and never hush;
When we look in your face, you never blush;
You keep right on workin' through the night
And never quit, when it comes day-light.

I wonder sometimes, if you don't get tired,
Or if you're afraid you will get fired,
Or if you're too proud, to ever shirk,
Is this the reason you're always at work?

I get mad, sometimes, when I go to play
And an hour's as long as I can stay;
We don't get started 'till you but in
And say, "It is time to go home again."

And then, when I go to bed at night,
It's no time at all, 'till its day light;
And then Ma says I'm a lazy pup,
If I don't jump right out, and get right up.

Then I've got to hurry, down stairs, and wash
My face, when it isn't dirty, at all, by gosh;
Then Ma says, "Hurry, and feed your flock,
For don't you see it's eight o'clock?"

Then I've got to hurry and go to school,
Or else, they say, I'll be a fool;
I'd rather be a fool, any day,
Than haft to hurry, this here way.

I wish, old clock, you'd stop your tickin';
I'd stop you, if 't wasn't, I'd get a lickin'
Then if I did stop your dogon workin'
Dad'ded loose out, fer he is a clerkin'.

Guess, may be, I'd better just let you run,
And keep on tickin, you son of a gun;
'Cause if you stopped we wouldn't know,
If time was fast, or if 'twas slow.

THE TORNADO.

We watched the cloud, but little thought
Such awful ruin had been wrought
Within the path, where its foul breath,
Had ruined homes, and delt out death.

We saw the lightning's lurid flash,
We heard the thunder loudly crash,
But never knew, until next day,
Of ruin where the storm held sway.

The stoutest heart cannot but quake,
When viewing ruin in the wake
Of this great storm, whose cruel wrath,
Hath left destruction in its path.

The pleasant homes, where long hath dwelt
A happy people, and where knelt
The humble Christian, at his prayer
Are scattered, lying, everywhere.

Just God, is this Thy righteous plan,
In dealing thus with helpless man,
To teach him how, each day and hour,
He is the creature of Thy power?

About four o'clock on the afternoon of April 27, 1916,
a tornado swept across Southeastern Kansas, destroying
houses, barns and every other thing that stood in its path.
It passed north of Fort Scott, demolishing many of the
finest houses in the country.

JOHN BULL AND KAISER.

Der Kaiser said to Jonnie Bull:
"I'll surely pole your head,
Saw off your horns, so you can't hook,"
To which, brave Jonnie said:

"My 'orns are long, and mighty sharp,
Well fastened on my 'ed,
Before you get them, I will fight
Until I am quite dead."

Der Kaiser started through the fields
To get at Jonnie's head,
And now they're fighting, and we guess,
They'll fight 'till both are dead.

CHAMPION CHECKER GAME WAS PLAYED.

From the Centerville, Ia., Iowegian:—The recently published verses written by J. S. Penny of Fort Scott. have attracted attention in this paper, and here comes another story told in rhyme that all will appreciate who know something of the checker playing ability of the parties concerned. A "chanpion" game was played last night at the office of the Merchant's hotel and is described in the following verses:.

The Champion Game.

Two champion players, sat down to play
In the town of Centerville, one day;
One said, "I'll bet you can't beat me,"
The other said, "Let's try and see."
So they began, with wonderous skill,
One's name was Frank—the other Bill.
Bill beat Frank three games, or four,
Then Frank said, "You can't do it more."
So they kept at it, "nip and tuck,"
Each champion having equal luck—
Bill beat Frank and Frank beat Bill,
Thus playing till each had his fill.
At last Bill said, "let's go to bed."
"All right," said Frank, "I'm one ahead."
Bill said, "You're not, and I will play
Right here, until the break of day."
And so they played right through the night,
Until the morning brought daylight;
Bill beating Frank, Frank beating Bill,
So equal matched, were they in skill.
As I remember, Frank Silknetter,
Could play a little bit the better,
But he acknowledged that Bill Smith,
Was the best player, he'd played with.
Bill said, Silknetter was hard to beat,
And added, "I will have to treat,"
So both went out to get a drink,
And thus the game was done—I think.

THE OLD SCHOOL BELL.

The old bell which did duty for so many years, in the old Normal school building on South Main street, that

called so early in the mornings, many of the boys and girls of the times of "long ago," is still doing duty in the Central school, and its clear, sweet tones ringing out one morning, called forth the little tribute here appended.

Dear old school bell, dear old school bell,
You've done your duty long and well;
In other days, when we were young,
To call us, you have often rung.

You've often called us out to go,
Up to the school house, in the snow;
You've called us out at eight o'clock,
And made us mad enough to knock

You out of your old school house tower—
You seemed too early, by an hour;
At noon, we listened for your sound,
And thought the time would ne'er come round

When you, you lazy pokey thing,
Would wake up and begin to ring;
But when, at last, your tones rang out
We all went rushing, with a shout,

And hurried home, along the street,
To get a little bite to eat;
And some times 'fore we were half done
You'd ring, and then we'd have to run

Right back, into the old school house,
And sit there, still as any mouse
When we were nearly dead to play,
Out in the yard, the whole long day.

Long may your brazen tongue ring out,
To call the children, here about
As you did us, in earlier days,
When we were learning wisdom's ways.

Some of us now, though unaware
Are growing old, and silver hair
Is creeping in upon our head,
And some whom you called then, are dead.

We hear you ringing yet, each day,
And wish that we might skip away
And over to the school house go,
As in the days of long ago.

HYMN.

Eternal God, hear us today,
While in Thy house we humbly pray,
Fill all our hearts with holy zeal,
Lord, Thy great presence here reveal.

We come to dedicate to Thee,
This house, and pray that it may be
A place where we may ever meet
Around Thy common mercy seat.

Re-dedicated, Lord to Thee,
May all our hearts forever be,
Here may the theme of grace abound,
Here may these walls with praise resound.

Within this house forever dwell
And when we come, Thy love to tell,
May children's children learn to sing
Hozannas to their Saviour King.

Sung by the congregation at the opening and re-dedication of the Baptist church in Fort Scott, Kansas, Dec. 5th, 1915. Tune, "Old Hundred."

THE SWARM.

This life is a gamble,
And the fellows who win
Are the ones who scramble
Amidst strife and sin.

The ones who are lucky,
Do not always, comprise,
The ones who are plucky,
Nor always the wise.

The man with the money,
Never lacketh for friends;
Like bees around honey,
They swarm, till it ends.

A GOOD COUNTRY.

I've never seen a fairer land,
Where everything goes hand in hand,
To make contentment and great wealth,
With all the blessings of good health

Than Iowa, with her corn in ear,
Missouri, with her mule and steer,
And Kansas, with her wond'rous wheat—
A trio sure, that can't be beat.

Here, in this restless growing West,
Is found a quality the best
Of corn, and oats, and wheat and rye,
Now piled in heaps near mountain high.

Here in this land, on every side,
Doth peace and plenty now abide;
The farmers all, on every train
Are shipping out great loads of grain,

To give the people of the East,
Abundance, that they too may feast
Upon the fatness of the land,
Which here abounds, on every hand.

It is a goodly sight to see;
The mule says, "hee, haw, haw hee, haw hee!"
Ten million porkers eat, and grunt
And thus perform their daily stunt.

The helpful hen, with yellow leg,
Loud cackles when she lays an egg,
And thus the family basket fills
With eggs, that pay the grocery bills.

The faithful cow, in giving milk,
Is clothing all the girls in silk;
While her big brother, in content,
Is eating corn to pay the rent.

The farmer also takes delight
In driving, and it is a fright;
For he goes faster than he ought to
While riding in his Ford, or auto.

THE BRIDGE.

The great flood of September 7, 1915, said to have been the greatest ever known, the bridge over the Marmaton river was left in the mud at the bottom of the turbulent stream, and some of the citizens were in favor of erecting, instead of the old steel bridge, a concrete structure, while others argued in favor of erecting a temporary bridge, and during the argument the city commis-

sion built a wooden bridge to do duty temporarily, and during the time the citizens indulged in considerable argument pro and con.

I stood on the bridge and wondered,
If the thing would stand, when it thundered,
And we had a big rain;
Would it stand the strain?
And whether the builders had blundered.

I don't like to talk of disaster,
But think, that cement and plaster
If it had to be daub,
On this kind of a job,
Would have held the thing, much faster.

I hav'n't got any "white liver,"
But the looks of the thing made me shiver,
When I thought the next flood,
Might land in the mud,
The bridge, in the Marmaton river.

I'm not of this bridge, a defender,
I think the whole thing is too slender,
Don't think there's a show
But out it will go
When the river gets up, on "a bender."

Now, don't think I'm off'ring objection,
Neither casting any reflection,
For the builders no doubt,
Know what they're about,
While the people still hope for protection.

The people are right in demanding
Protection; but there's no understanding;
And never a man,
Has offered a plan,
And it seems, there is no one, commanding.

A SPRING IDYL.

On the outskirts of the town,
Stood a cottage, old and brown;
In it dwelt a maiden fair,
With bright eyes, and golden hair.

In a quiet, useful way,
Toiled she patiently, each day;
Educated and refined,
She had wealth of heart and mind.

She was graceful as a queen,
In each movement, and her mein
Was attractive to the eye,
Of each daily passer by.

Farther down, the wid'ning street,
In a mansion, large and neat,
Dwelt a favored son of wealth,
Strong of form, and blest with health.

Ever new, forever old,
Is the story ever told;
Love, a sentiment divine,
Doth all human hearts entwine.

One day, in the early spring,
When the birds began to sing.
And the doves began to coo,
Went the youth, the maid to woo.

Apple blossoms, every where
With sweet perfume, filled the air;
Where the grass, with dew was wet,
There the youth, and maiden met.

Standing 'neath an apple tree,
Plighted they their troth, and she
Bent two boughs, and bound them true,
Bound them with a ribbon blue.

Smiling at the youth, she said
"When an apple ripe and red,
Hangs upon these boughs, I've tied,
I will be your happy bride."

When the summer days grew warm,
Watched they, rounding into form,
Two fine apples of bright hue,
On the boughs, bound firm and true.

When the splendid autumn days
Hung with Indian Summer haze,
'Neath the apples, ripe and red,
Standing, youth and maiden wed.

A STRANGER.

Strange rock, something was doing
When elements were brewing
In liquid form, to make thee,
In fervent heat to bake thee.

We gaze with admiration,
Upon thy strange formation,
And ask thee, with persistence,
Who gave to thee existence?

Was it when some world dying,
Was through vast ether flying,
A fragment disunited,
You on this earth alighted?

Came ye, from some cavern rude
Where only gloomy solitude
Dwelleth? Where no sound is heard,
Voice of man, or beast or bird?

Or from the depth of ocean,
When in a wild commotion,
The earth in fierce convulsion
Left thee here by explusion?

Or came thee from eternal
Regions of the infernal?
From some vast caldron, seething,
Where dwelleth nothing breathing?

We look at thee and wonder,
If just beneath, and under,
Earth's surface there is burning
Eternal fires; and, yearning

For knowledge we are seeking,
We wish that you could, speaking,
Give us some information
About your strange creation.

THE OLD HOUSE DESERTED.

I wonder why
As I pass by,
Old house, you're left alone
To meet decay,
This cruel way,
With none to care nor own.

I wonder who
He was built you,
If he is yet alive,
Or if he left
You all bereft,
And went elsewhere to thrive.

If he built you
With this in view,
To live in your inside,
It were a shame,
If when he came
He sickened here and died.

Had he a wife
Whose very life
Was filled with joy and pride
And she came here
Without a fear,
And too, lay down and died.

O cruel Fate,
I speculate,
On what you here have done,
Did you demand
With cruel hand
The lives of both, or one!

Did man and wife
A prosp'rous life
Live here within this wall?
Did they succeed,
Beyond their need,
And leave you here to fall?

Did here one day
Bright children play
Around your open door?
I'd love to see,
In childish glee,
Them playing here once more.

KANSAS WHEAT FIELDS.

We had heard about the wheat
In the little county seat
Where we'd lived in Illinois
Since the time when we were boys,
So we thought we all would like
Very much to take a hike
Out upon the Western Plains
Where they say "it never rains."

So we traveled all the night
That we might behold the sight
Of the young and growing West
Which so wonderously is blest.

Bright the day had just begun,
With the rising of the sun,
When we reached the western side
Of Missouri's rolling tide.

Here our train came to a stop
When we all began to hop
And with rapid hurrying feet,
Went for something good to eat.
Here is Kansas City great
Sitting at the open gate
Of the restless growing West
Which is never more at rest,

For the richly laden trains
Rolling in from off the plains
Keep the gates of commerce wide
To the ever-moving tide.

On our journey at this stage
We could stop and write a page
But we haven't time to stay
So we're up and on our way.

We had hardly turned about
When conductor gave a shout,
"All aboard a-going West!"
So we heeded his behest.
When the engine gave a puff
We all said "We've had enough,"
Then we scrambled on the train,
Going out to see the grain.

Here we struck the western trail
On the train and on the rail,
Where the hardy pioneer
With his plodding mule and steer,
More than sixty years ago,
Went with measured step and slow,
And by traveling hard all day
Got but twenty miles away.

We have here a mighty steed
Who has wondrous strength and speed
Breath of flame and nerve of steel
And his fleetly legs a wheel.
We went whirling up the Kaw
With a whoop and a "Rah! Rah!"
Toward the broad and thirsty plains
Where they say "It never rains."

We were on the Santa Fe
And were going 'hully gee'

At a rate that we still think
Seemed a mile at every wink.
So it wasn't very long
Till we heard the merry song
Of the reapers in the fields
Talking ever of their yields
That they'd have at refreshing time
In this grand and glorious clime
Where the sky comes down to greet
Glowing fields of growing wheat.
We were looking with all might
To the left and to the right
And were learning something new,
As each turn brought into view
Something we as country boys
Never saw in Illinois,
For you know we had been born,
In the land of growing corn.
Here was something simply grand,
Here was wheat on every hand,
Rolling in the morning breeze
Like the waves of Orient seas.
Sure enough we're on the plains,
Where they say "It never rains."
Where not very long ago
Ranged the giant buffalo.
Here today on every side,
Peace and Plenty doth abide,
Where the richness of the soil
Recompenses honest toil.
Here the wondrous sky above,
Seems to be in ardent love,
With the wheat fields nearly done
Rip'ning out there in the sun.
When the curtain of the night
Shut the wheat fields out of sight
All declared in accents bold
That the half had not been told.
Now we're going to relate
What we saw in this great State
And be telling all the boys
In the state of Illinois
What we saw beyond the Kaw
And the River Arkansas
And the grandeur of the plains
Where they say "It never rains."

COLABORERS.

"Other men have labored, and ye are entered into their labors."—Jesus.

I buy for a dollar and fifty cents,
Results of some man's thought;
The price I pay is recompense
For time he spent and wrought

In giving the world some invention great,
A book, a poem, a song;
Or it may be a problem, that seals the fate
Of nations, great and strong.

He may many a sleepless night, have lain,
While other mortals slept,
Sore vexed at heart, and with weary brain
Have toiled, and prayed, and wept.

He may thus, have struggled long, to make
His thoughts fall into line,
And have gone to sleep, at last, to wake
To grieve, and sore, repine.

Great thoughts are born in times of straits,
When men are hard put to;
It is then the soul and brain dilates
To bring great thoughts to view.

For filthy lucre, I buy a book,
Some one, through hope and fear
Has written, and I can through it look
And see great truths appear.

It may have taken him years to write
The truths I there can read;
And, may be, what gives my soul delight,
Was written in his need.

The loftiest sentiment ever heard
Has come from soul distress,
When out of the darkness, has come the word
That all the world, has blest.

I cannot tell the worth of a book
Until its truths unfold;
Then, I may see in it, when I look,
Gems, worth far more than gold.

Some one may have toiled, for years, to learn
What I learn, in an hour
By reading his book; and thus I discern
What lies beyond my power.

Inventive genius, oft labors long
To perfect some great thought
That soon, to all people, will belong,
Though none of them e'er wrought,

I may ride across the continent
In some fine palace train,
And never think of the labor spent
By some great busy brain

That brought to perfection the wondrous power
Combined in steel and steam,
That enables men to do more, in an hour,
Than all day, with a team.

We read in the evening papers, word
That comes from distant lands—
Word flashed beneath the sea, unheard,
Upon the cable's strands.

But as we thus read, we never think
Of the labor that was spent
In laying the cable, strong in link,
That binds the continent.

And thus the labors of other men
We daily, now employ
And have entered into their labors when
These pleasures we enjoy.

HUNTING FOR VILLA.

In the land of Montezuma
Just beyond the Rio Grande
They have gone to hunt for Villa,
And his roving robber band.

They have gone out with their cannon
And their rapid firing guns,
And are hunting Mr. Villa
Who is going on the run

Through the cactus and the mountains
Where our army with its train,
Will still be hunting, years from now,
Still be hunting, but in vain.

For the bandit is in hiding,
Where our army cannot go,
And can get away from danger,
For our army is too slow.

He can ride across the country
And around the mountain side,
And elude our pond'rous army,
For he knows just where to hide.

It looks like utter foolishness
And a waste of means and time,
To be hunting for this bandit
In that semi arid clime.

Where the cut throat knows the country
And can ride a hundred miles,
While our army is still floundering
In the mountains and defiles.

This is not the kind of warfare
That can win in such a fight,
If they ever catch this Villa
It will be while he's in flight.

It will be the cow boy tactics
That will round this "maverick",
And no pond'rous army cannon
That will do the little trick.

Many think it patriotic,
To be hunting for this man,
And sincerely hope to catch him
I, too, hope so if they can.

It will be expensive hunting,
And the cost will be a fright,
Yet some people seem to want it,
And are anxious for a fight.

Want to shoot a Mexicano,
And involve us in a war,
To enrich the iron monger,
That is what it will be for.

Did you ever stop to think that
It might be our money trust
That is causing Mr. Villa
To be kicking up this dust?

A few hundred thousand dollars,
Would create a sumpt'ous feast
If, were slipped to Mr. Villa,
By our money trust down east.

It would gather in more millions
Making guns and armor plate;
If it could only cause a war
It would only say, "now this is great."

MR. SMALLWOOD.

I know Mr. Smallwood is engaged in "the art that doth improve nature," and I also know that he is a good humored man, slow to anger and plenteous in forgiveness, so sent him the following little effusion, and next day received in return the letter appended.

There is a man called Mr. Smallwood,
Who lives, out near the Lath-Branch, tall wood,
He'd raise bigger berries if he could,
Than the ones he calls the Beder Wood.

He has a berry called Brandywine,
So big, it takes only eight or nine,
To fill a quart, they are so fine,
This berry, called the Brandywine.

He has another, called the Burt,
If you dropped it on your toe, 'twould hurt;
If you stick your tooth in it will spurt
So juicy is the one called Burt.

He raises berries, black and red,
And is so tired, when he goes to bed,
He feels like he is three-fourths dead,
Raising berries, black and red.

Next morning, when the shafts of light,
Have chased away the shades of night,
He jumps up and says, "I'm all right,
And never felt in better plight."

He feeds the horses, cows and pup
And then he takes a little sup
Of coffee, then a whole big cup,
Before he loads his berries up.

When he comes up to town, he knocks
That under garment, called the socks,
Off other growers, for ten blocks,
'Cause he puts his fruit, in a clean box.

When he comes driving up to town,
He goes up this street, and then down;
His berries have such great renown
The people buy and never frown.

Fort Scott, Kan., Sept. 7, 1916.

Mr. J. S. Penny, 1233 S. Judson St., Fort Scott, Kan.

Dear Mr. Penny:—I received your piece of poetry today, and I think it describes the situation here exactly. I was especially pleased with the verse in which "He

feeds his horses, cows and pup, and then he takes a little sup of coffee, then a whole big cup." You must have "been there" some time or other yourself, or you could not describe it so true to life. That "tired feeling" which we have at night, "about three-fourths dead" is a good descriptive proportion, but after the night's rest and the "whole big cup" at breakfast, we are as fresh as the berries in our load and come to town with the "freshness" still clinging to us (some of it). But we don't feel quite so "fresh" when we find that our friend Drake has "beat us to it" by about ten blocks. Then "nix" what we say; it all is "guff." Drake has "got there with his stale stuff." Our fresh stuff isn't "cheap enough", the customer will "bellar." "That tired feeling" then comes back, the day looks gray; the night looks black; we dumbly seek our humble shack; and feel we'd like to sell' er.

Yours for fun,

T. H. SMALLWOOD.

THE COLONEL.

We have in our town, a colonel named Macon,
He loves good coffee, and he loves good bacon;
Of the former, he likes a strong concoction,
Before he goes out to hold an auction.

He has a voice, like a great Nor'wester,
And of all auctioneers, he is the nestor;
When he begins, you should hear him holler;
If it's worth a dime, it sells for a dollar.

And then, when he comes to sellin' a hoss,
I tell you, the Colonel is sure the boss,
He makes him bring, every dollar is in him,
But if a man bids, he'll not try to skin him.

Then the Colonel will sell a cow, or a hog,
Just as easy as you could fall off of a log;
He is "Simon pure," and without alloy,
Can tell a story, and laugh like a boy.

Did you ever see the Colonel in action?
Well, he certainly is a splendid attraction;
When he gets up steam, and comes down the pike,
He is faster than auto, or Ford or bike.

Now the Colonel has lately been detected
In trying to get himself elected
To office, and he is certain to win,
If he doesn't he is sure to run like sin.

I know that if all the people vote
As they should, he'll not have to buy a boat
To sail up Salt River, in cool November,
If he does, he'll not go alone, remember.

A FAST RIDE.

I know a man who has an auto;
He drove it faster than he ought to,
He went so fast, and then some faster,
He met at last with a disaster.

Now this disaster, was a mule
A boy had ridden down to school;
The man said: "Hello! here's an ass,
Now see how easy I can pass."

The mule said, "Hee haw hee, haw hee,
You think you auto, but you can't pass me!"
The auto gave a great big honk,
Which made him faster go, the donk.

John Gilpin never rode so fast
Until a bridge was reached, at last;
The mule was in the lead, and stopped
So sudden, that the auto flopped

Right over in the dirty mud,
Beneath the bridge, with a big thud;
The mule said, "Hee haw, hee haw hee,
I wonder what it was hit me?"

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY.

During the political campaign of 1914, U. S. Guyer of Kansas City, came to Fort Scott, and made a speech on the street. Mr. Guyer was a candidate for Congress and was telling the people just how to run the affairs of the government, and after listening to him for a short time, I went across the street to my office, and picked out on the typewriter, the following verses:

The politician's voice is heard
Just now, throughout the land;
He's telling how, upon his word,
He'll save this glorious land.

He's telling us, just how to vote,
And how we ought to see
If he gets in, he'll sure devote
His time to you and me.

He says, if we will turn about,
And to his voice give heed,
He sure will turn the rascals out,
And give us what we need.

He'll grow enthusiastic, sure,
Gesticulate and rave;
Declare that he is "Simon pure,"
His opponent, is a knave.

I've often listened to his speech,
But never have forgot,
That very much we get from each
Is nothing but mere "rot."

Now do not harken to his cry,
Nor in your mind debate,
But always keep your powder dry,
And vote your ticket straight.

FORT SCOTT WALKS IN FEBRUARY.

Walking down to town, today,
I was almost led to say,
As I waded snow and slush,
That was softer much than mush,
That all men to jail should go,
Who don't clear away the snow
From the front of their own door,
And sometimes a little more.

Now, it wouldn't be much work,
For the man who doesn't shirk,
To get out and shovel snow,
For a full half hour, or so;
It would be a righteous act
And would certainly attract
Many people past the door,
Who would bless him, ever more.

So, next time we have a snow
Let each man get out and throw,
In his boots and over-alls,
All the "beautiful" that falls.

Then the people, all will talk,
When they see the clean side walk,
And will say, "How nice it is,
When we all attend to biz."

We've an ordinance, they say,
But the people always pay
Slight attention to the thing
'Till some man falls, with a "bing,"
And then he gets so awful mad
That he swears and says "Be Gad,
I will sue the blasted town,
'Cause I slipped and fell clear down."

Have you ever noticed, "pard,"
That walk, through the Court House yard,
In the heart of old Fort Scott
Should be cleaned, but it is not?
Ought the county to be made
To get out, with broom and spade,
And clean off this dirty walk?
Let's not let this end in talk. 2-15-16.

MAJOR DOKE OF BLOOMFIELD, IOWA.

We have in our town, a Major, named Doke
He loves a good horse, and he loves a good joke;
He is "Simon pure," and without alloy,
Can tell a story, and laugh, like a boy.

He blackens his shoes until they shine,
And, although his age is seventy-nine,
His form is erect, and his step is quick,
And he never uses a walking stick.

He owns a hack and meets all trains,
Sometimes he drives and holds the reins;
He never likes to see a man walk,
Says, he looks to him like a great big "gawk."

If he sees a man walking down his way,
He says: "Do you see that great big jay?"
The Major, a jolly man is he,
And he likes to gather in a big fee.

OLD TOOTH, GOOD BYE.

Last Sunday morning, an old tooth that had done
duty in my head for more than sixty years, became so

loose that I pulled it out with my fingers. I was sorry to be so inhuman, but had to be, under the circumstances, which I will not take time here to relate.

Old tooth, you've always been to me
As near a friend, as friend could be;
For sixty years, and more, forsooth
You've done your duty well, old tooth.

I well remember when you came,
With others, and all looked the same;
You stood, above a pretty row
Your neighbors stood just down below.

I often sank you in my meat,
And other things, all good to eat;
A sour pickle, or a cake,
Before you used to pain and ache.

One morning, when the air was cool,
And we were going down to school,
You made a jump, and then you ached
Until I thought the earth had quaked.

You surely gave me grev'ous pain,
Until you settled back again,
And I had given you a lot
Of medicine, that sure was hot.

They say, "the best of friends must part,"
And surely it doth grieve my heart;
To separate, it seems a sin,
Such friends, as we have always been.

They say, that you will have to waltz,
Give up your place to teeth that's false;
Be yanked out, by the dentist's claws,
From upper and from lower jaws.

Now this seems cruel, and I fear
That when you go, I'll shed a tear;
I know I'll feel an awful pain,
And often wish you back again.

But then I know you'll never ache,
And keep me lying wide awake
Throughout the night, then why should I
Be weeping; so, old tooth, good bye.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TODAY.

If Christ should come to earth today
What would you do, what would you say?
Would you, rejoicing, crown Him king,
With ransomed hosts His praises sing?

If He should meet you face to face,
Would you still spurn His offered grace?
And would you rudely turn away
If Christ should come to earth today?

Or would you kindly take Him in,
And kneeling there confess your sin?
Would you accept Him, brother, say,
If Christ should come to earth today?

He's coming, and He may come soon,
It may be morning, night or noon,
Prepare to meet Him then I pray
For what if He should come today?

MAN'S ENEMY.

Since the days of righteous Abel
Whether truth or whether fable,
Men have hated one the other;
Have been slaying each his brother.

Not all the animals that walk,
Are fiercer, than the ones that talk
And have dominion over all,
The strong, the weak, the great, the small.

Yet man, with all this power Divine,
Still worships at ambition's shrine,
Exalting in his power to kill
Should brother man oppose his will.

All along the path of Nations,
Men have poured out blood obligations;
Written in the blood of Martyrs
Have been all the Nation's charters.

His own brother, man has hated,
Since the day he was created;
And now, striving to be master,
He is bringing world disaster.

In the war, that now is raging,
All the kingdoms, there engaging,
Are proving this, that steeped in woe
A man's own brother is his foe.

8-12-16.

WHICH ONE IS PROUD.

Many good fellows are kept away
From church, because unable to pay
The price a new suit will cost, so feel
They'll not be welcome, as quite gentele
When they appear in the crowded aisle,
And fear they may cause a learing smile
In younder church, that is built to please,
The worshiper, who can sit at ease
They do not like to sit in the pew
With the man whose suit is tailored and new;
They think, some one is ready to stare
At them, and their clothes, now worn thread bare.
And then when the contribution plate
Is passed before them, they rather hate
To not drop in, a nickle, or two
Although, they know, their nickles are few.
And so, they never are quite at ease
With cold church people, who often freeze
The spirit, beneath the thread bare suit,
Thus giving the church a bad repute.
So, many good men, in overalls
Go out on Sunday, where nature calls,
And spend the day 'neath tree and cloud
Leaving the church, with its well dressed crowd.

THE RACE.

A little boy, with bare feet, brown,
Came leading up the street of town
A cow, which did not want to pass
A freshly growing bunch of grass.
The little boy, with bare brown feet,
Said to the cow: "You cannot eat
Until you reach the pasture gate,
So come along, I cannot wait."
The cow still paid but little heed,
Until the boy, with seasoned weed,
Began to flay her, then 'twas fun
To see how fast the cow could run.
The boy, still holding to the rope,
Was going now, at no slow mope,
I knew the race could not last long,
So rapid went the cow along,

I saw at once the bare brown feet
Such rapid rate could never meet;
His head went faster than his legs
And soon he went clear off his pegs.

He reached the ground, with sudden thud,
And landed squarely in the mud;
Mad? boy never could be madder,
Nor do I think, ever look sadder

Than when he saw, what had been done,
And how the cow, the race had won.
Laughed? sure I did, right in his face,
When I saw his safe landing place

And knew the boy had not been hurt,
By this fast unexpected spurt.
The cow now, standing at the gate,
Looked unconcerned about the fate

Of 'tother party to the race,
Who, keenly feeling his disgrace,
Was breathing out, something 'bout fools
In language never learned at schools.

Although the race was fun for me,
It wasn't for the boy, you see.
So as the boy, with bare brown feet,
Went madly up along the street

I fell to thinking how one half
The people in the world would laugh
To see the other half fall down
And act the part of foolish clown.

I BELIVE, JIM, THEY TOLD A LIE.

Hello, here Jim, I've been a wishin'
You'd come and go with me a fishin';
They say, that up above the dam
They're ketchin' fish as big's I am.

Gee, Jim, now say, let's you an' me
Go over there and see if we
Can't ketch a fish as big as that;
I'd like to ketch a great big cat.

Say, let's go out behind the barn,
An' dig some bait, an' take some yarn,
An' make some lines 'bout ten feet long.
We'll haft to make 'em good an' strong

'Cause them big fish kin pull like sin,
 Gee, what if one 'ed pull me in;
 I'd haft to drown, 'cause I kan't swim,
 Not a dog on bit, can you swim, Jim?

Well, we kin both get holt the line;
 'Geewhilkens, Jim, won't it be fine
 If we kin land a great big cat,
 An hear dad say: "What 'dy think o' that?"

Say, Jim, you dig, I'll haft to rest,
 I'm gettin' hot here under my vest,
 Be careful, Jim, don't break that fork,
 Or dad'll paddle me clear 't New York.

I never see such a nan as dad,
 He some times makes me wish I had
 No budy 'tall but you an' me;
 Couldn't we have fun, oh, hully gee.

Say, Jim, I guess we got bait enough;
 You're just like me, beginnin' to pull,
 Set here in the shade, say, ain't this fine?
 Now, let's go to work an' make a line.

Say, Jim, come up here where I am,
 An' throw in just above the dam;
 Hurry up here, Jim, I've got a bite,
 Get holt an' pull, with all your might.

He's the biggest fish that ever was ketcht,
 Just see, Jim, how the line is stretcht;
 Now, pull down stream, an' let him float,
 He looks to me as big as a goat;

Just look there, Jim, d'ye see his head?
 Its stickin' out, an' his eyes is red—
 Oh, blast the luck; d'ye see what we've got?
 It's an old dead dog, an' no fish, by rot.

Jim, let's go home an' get sumpin' to eat,
 I'm tired an' hungry, an' got cold feet;
 Let's slip in the kitchen, kind o' sly,
 I believe, don't you Jim, they told a lie.

THE POULTRY SHOW.

Let's go over to the show,
 See the chickens, hear them crow;
 They are making lots of noise,
 Merry as some girls and boys.

They are looking mighty proud,
And are crowing long and loud;
While the hen, with yellow leg,
Cackles like she'd laid an egg.

There are chickens, large and small,
And their owners, one and all,
Are a claiming they've the best
Hens that lay right in the nest.

There's the owner of the rock,
Says he's got the only stock;
While the owner of the Buff
Says his stock is good enough.

There's the pretty Wyandotte;
Black Manorca's red topknot,
Leghorns and Rhode Island Reds
With their crowns upon their heads

All contending for a prize,
Looking pretty in the eyes,
Of their owners who declare
Never was a bird so fair.

There's the turkey, all sedate,
Gobbling, 'cause he wasn't ate
On the last Thanksgiving day;
Sure he's feeling pretty gay.

And the stately little duck
Seems to think he's in good luck,
'Cause the ax, with murd'rous whack,
Didn't cut off, his quack, quack.

MARKET SQUARE.

I often go to Market Square,
To meet the farmers, gathered there;
I like to hear them tell of yields
They've gathered, from their fertile fields.

I like to see them driving in,
With oats and wheat from out their bin;
I like to hear them blow their horn,
And tell about their fields of corn.

I like to hear them tell the tale
Of how their cows will fill the pail
With milk, that turns out butter fat,
In chunks as big as my old hat.

I like to see the pleasant grin
Upon their face as they come in
All driving great big loads of hay
On almost every market day.

I like to hear them tell about
The wond'rous crops their farms turn out
About the cattle and the hogs
The braying mule and barking dogs,

I like to hear them praise the hens
Tell how they lay by fives and tens
And how the basket they will fill
With eggs that pay the grocery bill.

I like to shake their horney hand,
See on their face the smile expand,
When they have sold their loads of grain
And figured up the loss and gain.

I like to hear them crack their jokes
When talkin' 'bout the city folks,
They say the ladies of the town,
In hobble skirts, look like a clown.

When they behold the city man
All nicely dressed so spick and span,
They say "Our overalls of blue,
Are not so pretty nor so new

But then they give us right good wear
And if by accident we tear
A hole, their cheap make up is such
Another pair won't cost us much.

I like to see them when they've made
Their purchase and their bills have paid
Go driving to their country home,
All happy in the gathering gloam.

The lucky farmer need not wail
He's got the whole earth by the tail
He's got the bread, he's got the meats
And every thing that makes good "eats."

HYMN.

Savior, wilt Thou go with me
Through my dark Gethsemane?
May I feel Thy presence near
Banish every doubt and fear.

Through this life what'er betide,
May I walk close by Thy side?
Thou hast trod this way before,
May I trust Thee ever more?

When the clouds of doubt appear,
May I feel Thee ever near?
Wilt Thou show Thy smiling face,
And sustain me by Thy grace?

When I reach Death's sullen stream
And the dark'nd waters gleam,
Wilt Thou bear me o'er the tide,
Land me safe on Caanan's side.

May I there, a ransomed soul,
While eternal ages roll,
Give Thee everlasting praise,
Mighty God, ancient of days.

IN MEMORIAM.

We stand in thy presence, O Death, today
And mourn, for thou hast taken away
Our father, our neighbor, and cherished friend;
And never again will he extend
His hand, to welcome us at the door,
As he often did, in the days of yore.

We never again shall his presence greet
As in former years, when we used to meet;
We never shall hear his pleasant voice
Bidding again, our hearts rejoice;
And never again, shall we meet to play,
Our innocent games, at the close of day.

He was not afraid of death, I know,
Of this he told me, not long ago;
His peace, and election he had made sure
With God, and felt his soul secure;
He told me this, as we talked one day
Not long before he was taken away.

This fact is consolation now,
As to the will Divine we bow;
Like a benediction may it fall
On the lives of you, and me, and all
Who came on contact day by day
With him whose life has been taken away.

A PRAYER FOR WAR TO CEASE.

God of nations, we adore
Thy Great Name, and now implore
Thee to cause all wars to cease,
Give us universal peace;

Jesus Savior, hear the prayer
Of Thy people every where,
Now ascending to Thy throne,
Thou canst save, and Thou alone.

Many hearts are rent with grief,
Speedy come to their relief;
In this bloody awful strife
Comfort mother, comfort wife.

They are crying out to Thee:
Fill our hearts once more with joy,
"Lord have mercy now on me,
Save my husband, save my boy."

Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
Have Thou mercy on us all;
Hear the widow's lonely cry,
"God have mercy or I die."

We are weak, but Thou art strong,
Oh! may not this war prolong;
Bid this awful carnage cease,
Mighty Sovereign, Prince of Peace.

Written when President Wilson appointed a day
of prayer for war to cease in Europe.

THE CURSE OF WAR.

In this tumult and this strife,
Where the curse of war is rife,
With its awful loss of life,
Let the warring nations pause.

May the kindred leaders learn,
May they speedily return,
To their senses and discern,
They are fighting without cause.

They are killing brother, friend,
In their madness to defend,
Each his country, but the end
Who can know, or who declare?

Many lives are being lost
In the awful holocaust;
And, who counts the awful cost
Will be maddened with despair.

There be millions unborn yet,
Who will struggle, with the debt,
Which this war will sure beget,
On the nations that contend.

And at last, when vict'rys won,
Father, brother, husband, son,
Will be sacrificed as one,
In a cause none comprehend.

Federations of the earth,
Will be formed, where there is worth,
That will give new nations birth
Out of kingdoms that must fall;

For, they're piling up, today,
Debts they never can repay,
And there'll be no other way
If they pay these debts at all.

BRAVE HEARTS AT HOME.

We sing of heroes in the field,
Who skillfully the sword can wield;
Of valliant deeds, that they have done,
Of brilliant vict'ries they have won,
But never do we stop to think
Of dear ones, trembling on the brink
Of black despair, and filled with dread
Fearing some loved one, may be dead.

A father, brother, youthful son
May never know of vict'ry won,
A comrad, marching by his side,
May only know, "the dear one died
While fighting, and I saw him fall,
His fond heart pierced by cruel ball;"
And thus, are many hearts forelorn,
And left at home, to grieve and mourn.

In many homes, are hearts as brave
As are the ones who march to save
Their country, from the cruel foe;
These hearts, are always filled with woe

Because they never know what breath,
Some dearly loved one may meet death.
Oh, sad, and cruel, is the fate,
Of dear ones, left at home, to wait

Just God! must vengeful man thus slay,
His fellow man, this cruel way
That proud ambition, may receive,
The honor which it may achieve?
Is this the way a nation thrives,
By wasting, slaying, human lives?
Is this the way a country grows,
By filling homes, with griefs and woes?

The longings of this life must be
Forever hidden God, with Thee;
We never know, nor can we see
The depth of this great mystery;
Why Thy strong arm, Thou dost withhold,
While many millions, brave and bold,
Are daily murdered in Thy name;
To us it seems an awful shame.

Dost Thou rejoice, when in a breath,
So many mortals meet their death
In dreadful combat, we call war,
Dost Thou exult, or dost, abhor?
Is this resultant of the sin
Of all men, and does hell begin,
When man lays down this mortal life,
In peaceful mood, or cruel strife?

All nations daily pray to Thee
To give to them the victory;
And, also ask Thee to forgive
Their awful sins, and let them live.
And then go forth, to slay and kill;
In doing so, do they fulfill
Their part, in Thy great earthly plan,
Which man n'er knows, nor ever can.

It all looks strange to mortal man,
That God, in working out His plan
Should sanction what, to us is crime;
Yet, we have records, all sublime,
Of how great nations, of the earth.
Were all destroyed, and how new birth
Of others, though not counted great,
Were in their turn left desolate.

O, God, is war the scourge of sin,
Which constantly, is creeping in,
To parliaments of every state,
Among the nations, we call great?
Do leaders worship at the shrine
Of proud Ambition, or at Thine?
Is this the reason, all forlorn,
Sad hearts are left at home to mourn?

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

English, Irish, Belgian, French,
Fighting, dying in the trench,
German, Prussian, fighting Turk,
Cease your bloody, awful work.

Listen to the plea of reason,
You will not be charged with treason
If you for a moment, pausing,
Look upon the wreck you're causing.

Here a city or a town,
Shot and shell, have battered down;
War is awful to behold,
Maiming, killing, young and old.

Anxious you should cease this killing,
Other nations, all are willing,
To assist, in understanding
What you each, is now demanding.

In your madness, and nonsense,
You're not fighting in defense
Of a principle that's right—
Merely domineering might.

In the wake of war is weeping,
Saddened hearts their vigils keeping,
Old men, women, children praying
"O, God! stop this awful slaying."

Thou who marks the sparrow's fall,
O, have mercy on us all;
Hear the widow's lonely cry,
'Lord have mercy or I die.'

People every where are calling,
Stop this carnage so appalling,
You are causing, in your madness,
Filling all the earth with sadness.

If you'll listen to the prayer,
Of the people every where,
You will learn they all abhor
What you're doing, in this war.

You will find, they are demanding,
In a tone loud and commanding,
There shall be a speedy checking
Of this war, the world is wrecking.

You are piling up today,
Debts, you never can repay,
For which millions, yet to be,
Ever will be cursing thee.

Leaders, of the nations striving,
You, in madness are depriving,
Many of the right of living;
Think thee, God will be forgiving?

THE CURSE OF WAR.

In the wake of war is weeping,
Sad hearts then, their vigils keeping
Are weary, and no sleeping
Comes to the tired soul.

A mother's heart is breaking,
A father's heart is aching,
While sadness, overtaking,
Is ever in control.

Forever there is sorrow
While war, with all its horror
Is raging, for tomorrow
In coming may bring word

Of some loved one, then lying
With no kind hand supplying,
His needs, and slowly dying,
His last faint moan unheard.

He may be lying wounded,
Upon the field, surrounded
By many, all confounded,
Near by a friend or foe.

O God! are men in killing
Their fellow men fulfilling
Thy plan, and art Thou willing
That they should cause this woe?

Is it because of sinning
And are we all beginning
To learn, that we are winning,
Thy curse, instead of bliss
In striving with each other—
A brother 'gainst his brother?
O, save us, Holy Mother,
From such a curse as this
May we all come confessing,
That we have been transgressing;
And, wilt Thou grant Thy blessing
In bidding war to cease?
If this is our affliction,
And this Thy malediction
We feel our own conviction,
O, Mighty Prince of Peace.

WAR.

O man, why art thou so depraved,
Why dost thou seek to kill?
Dost think that in the murd'rous act,
Thou do'st thy Master's will?
Thy daily prayers ascend to Him,
Imploring help Divine,
To aid thee in thy awful work
Of murder and repine.
Ambition seems to be the force
That leads thee on, each day;
To gain distinction, is thy aim,
For this you only pray.
To slay and kill, your fellow man,
You deem a righteous cause,
If by so doing you can win
A nation's loud applause.
O heart of man! you only kneel
At proud ambition's shrine,
And never will your prayer be heard
By the Great Power Divine.
Ye leaders, in this awful strife,
Your prayer must be in vain,
While on your hands you bear the blood,
Of millions, you have slain.

The sorrows you are causing now,
Must be your funeral knell,
And in the great beyond, will be,
Your banishment to hell.

WINTER WIND.

When the earth is under snow,
I come from the North and blow
Over river, vale and hill
A blast, that is swift and chill.

I come from where Northern Lights
Send their spears through winter nights;
From beneath the Polar star,
Where the Esquimo's huts are.

I come from the frigid zone,
Where the sun has never shone,
And blow from the fields of ice
To the fields of rip'ning rice.

I blow past where shadows fall,
From town and castled wall;
With a frosty breath I come.
And freeze all the waters dumb.

I start from my home at morn,
And at night around Cape Horn
I, calm o're the ocean glide,
Or lash it to angry tide.

I come with a roaring sound,
And circle the earth around;
I wait not for day nor night
In my hilarious flight.

I come like a reinless steed,
But I never stop to feed;
And with frost on back and mane,
I travel the trackless plain.

My eyes have an icy glare,
While my breath, blows every where,
And thus, I race o're the turf,
To bathe, in the ocean's surf.

I've nothing to do but run,
Until the rays of the sun,
Have melted my breath away
In the heat of summer's day.

JOHN HALL.

I know a man they call John Hall,
He is big and strong, and six feet tall;
He works awful hard, both summer and fall,
His neighbors say, "He don't stop at all."

Now John, a mighty good man is he,
He don't come to town, to get on a spree,
But saves his money, and don't you see
He is getting as rich as he needs to be.

Now John is certainly full of biz,
And surely knows what a good thing is,
And when he takes hold he makes things fiz
In the morning bright, when he has ariz.

He goes to bed, some times after dark,
In the morning he's up and out with the lark;
You can hear him laugh, if you will but hark,
As far, as you can hear his big dog bark.

In the winter, you meet him every day,
Coming to town on a load of hay;
He has good teams, either black or bay,
I never have seen him drive a gray.

He feeds his horses, his cows and pup
And then he goes in, and takes a sup
Of coffee, then a whole big cup,
Before he goes out, to load his hay up.

Now John has neither deceit nor guile,
He always wears, on his face a smile,
But he's sharp, as any three cornered file,
When he sees a bargain he thinks worth while.

Now John is a model citizen, sure
He never has taken the Keely cure,
John Barleycorn has for him no lure
Of this I am certain, he's "Simon pure."

I kind o' like John, he always makes
A lot of fun, when my hand he shakes,
And I'm not surprised if some one takes
Us to be a couple of country Jakes.

John likes to have fun, and so do I,
And we'd just as well laugh, as stand and cry,
For the time is coming, by and by,
When fun will cease, for John and I.

WELCOME THE STRANGER.

At the cooling end of summer,
When the heat is dying out,
Come and meet the bright new comer,
Who is smiling all about.

In the cool September twilight,
When the grass is wet with dew,
And the firey burning sunlight
Fast is fading from the view

Then come out, and feel returning
In the soft autumnal breeze,
The sweet air, that late was burning,
Hear it murmur in the trees.

It is bringing with it healing,
And is driving out the heat;
Is creating a new feeling,
Come, enjoy the splendid treat.

Come and welcome now, the stranger,
With a joyous evening song,
For his life is oft in danger
In the summer hot and long.

It may be the heat returning
Soon will drive him clear away;
And again, the sun be burning,
By tomorrow, or next day.

Let us all enjoy the pleasure
Which this stranger brings so free;
Fill the cup, to fullest measure,
For tomorrow he may flee.

YE WINDS.

Ye winds, that round my pathway roar,
Is there some place, beyond our shore
Supremely blest,
A place of rest,
Where mortals grieve and weep no more?

Where ills of life are all unknown,
Where never comes a sigh nor groan;
Pray tell me so,
I long to know
If such a place you've ever known.

When you go sweeping o'er the sea,
And such a place you find, tell me
In whispers still,
And thus fulfill
The task, I trusting, give to thee.

When you go rushing, and come back
From round the world, upon the track
Mortals n'er trod,
That leads to God,
Then tell me if I nothing lack
To fit me, for a place like this,
Where I may dwell in endless bliss
From sin set free,
And ever be,
Where I may anxious fears dismiss.

TWILIGHT.

When the sun is slowly sinking
In a flame of fire, out west,
And the stars again are winking,
Then come out, and look and rest.

There is magic in the twilight,
When the sun is painting red
With rich gorgeousness, the skylight
And the stars come out o'er head.

When the day is slowly dying,
And the wind, among the trees,
In deep tones, is softly sighing,
With a cool refreshing breeze,

Then come out, with me and listen
To the music, soft and low;
See the moon beams, glint and glisten
On the river, down below;

Come, enjoy, in fullest measure,
All the beauties of the night,
For we find joy's rarest pleasures
In the beauties of twilight.

TO THE KANSAS GOOD ROADS DELEGATION.

HARRAH FOR KANSAS! She always wins,
In every task she ever begins,

For the sturdy men of her Western plains
Have got the "Pep," the vim and the brains,
And they always win, and they always will
For they've got the "pep", the brains and the skill.

They captured the boss of the Philippines,
They captured the prize at New Orleans,
They captured the prize for the finest wheat,
And did because they couldn't be beat,
They always win, and they always will,
For they've got the "pep," the brains and the skill.

They captured the prize for the biggest ear,
They captured the prize for the biggest steer;
Her men always stand in the foremost ranks,
And it makes no difference if they are called cranks,
They always win and they always will,
For they've got the 'pep," the brains and the skill.

There never went out a brainier set
Than went to capture this road, you bet.
They went like a jolly hilarious mob
And that is the way they landed the job.
They always win, and they always will,
For they've got the "pep," the brains and the skill.

Hurrah for Kansas, again she's proud
For the work of this brainy hilarious crowd;
She offers you thanks, a whole big load,
For the work you did in securing this road;
You always win, and you always will,
For you've got the "pep," the brains and the skill.

And now all the people of old Fort Scott
Are offering thanks for your work, why not?
Because you have landed another prize,
Yet we do not know what will be the size,
But we know you have won and always will,
For you've got the "pep," the brains and the skill.

BEAUTIFUL STAR.

Beautiful, beautiful star,
Brilliantly shining afar,
We gaze at thy face,
Through vastness of space,
Ever wondering what you are.

Were you given your lofty station,
In the morning of creation,
When the stars all sang,
And heaven rang,
With the mighty intonation?

Were you then among the stars,
Singing with mighty Mars?
And did you shine,
With light divine,
To illumine the notes and bars?

In the light of sacred story,
Are you shining to the glory,
Of Him who in that hour,
Gave to thee power,
To shine through the ages hoary?

Didst shine on creation's morn?
Did'st shine when Jesus was born?
Will you be gone,
Or still shine on,
In the resurrection morn?

This mystery I would know
If not shining, whither go?
Shall darkest night,
Shut out thy light,
In the realms of endless woe?

THINGS I LIKE.

I like to stroll out o'er the hill,
As the sun is coming up;
Pluck, here and there, a daffodil,
Or brimming butter cup.

I like to see the smokey trail,
The engine leaves behind
As it goes speeding o'er the rail,
Swift as the passing wind.

I like to see the frisky lamb
Go skipping o'er the green;
To see the colt, play 'round his dam,
In his sleek coat of sheen.

I like to hear the farmer say,
Familiar words to me,
As he commands his black or bay
"Get up, woa, haw, woa, gee!"

I like to feel the soft south wind
Come in a gentle breeze,
As if it came, new life to find
Among the leafy trees.

There's tonic in the atmosphere,
And all the earth is rife,
With recreated nature, here,
Just waking into life.

I like the odor of the wood,
As I, through forests tread,
The fragrance there, is always good,
From last year's leaves, though dead.

I like to see the nimble squir'l
Go climbing up a tree,
With bushy tail, all in a curl,
He saucily barks at me.

I like to see the river go
Alone in majesty,
A steady, ceaseless, sullen flow
Rushing to meet the sea.

NOVEMBER.

The yellow leaf,
With life so brief,
Now pensively is falling,
And on the ground,
All scattered 'round,
Lies dead, beyond recalling.

The pretty vines,
That close entwines,
Around the trees, are dying;
And every breeze,
That shakes the trees,
Through naked boughs is sighing.

Summer is past,
And winter's blast
Will soon be fiercely blowing
Across the fields,
Shorn of their yields,
And soon we'll see it snowing.

We are not ill,
Yet feel the chill.
In every joint and member:

Put on more clothes,
And blow your nose,
For this is bleak November.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

Written for the exercises at the laying of
the corner stone of the Shiloh Baptist church.

Since the morning of creation,
Every tribe and every nation,
Have been making sacrifices,
To their god, for sins and vices.

So today, in congregation,
Offer we our soul's oblation
To our God, who we beleiving,
Is our sacrifice receiving.

In a solemn convocation,
We are laying this foundation;
Praising God for righteous living
In the means that we are giving.

True hearts, swelling with emotion
Here, are proving their devotion
To their God, whom they are praising,
In the building they are raising.

Many, who have long been praying
For this day of corner laying,
Are rejoicing now, and bringing
Praises, to their God, in singing.

When this house has been completed,
May all feel that God has metted
Out to us, His richest blessing,
For the faith we are professing.

May we in this house, when meeting,
Know that we are not entreating
Some strange god, but One who knoweth,
And His rarest gifts bestoweth.

Here may we sing, with those we love,
Anthems of praise, to God above;
Come fill our hearts, with holy zeal,
And Lord, Thy presence, here reveal.

BERGSTRESSER.

I know a doctor, whose name is Bergstresser,
He looks and acts like a college professor:

He is trim, and neat, and withall a good dresser;
Can yank out a tooth, and put in a compressor

About as quick as the next man I know,
When he gets you down, he gives you no show,
You've got to lie still and just let him go.

And when he 's done, you will certainly know

You've been to the dentist, and had your tooth out;
Pulled by a man, who knows what he's about;
But, when you have turned your purse in side out,
You'll wish you had kept your old teeth, no doubt.

Now, Doc a mighty good fellow is he;
He was never known to go on a spree,
But is saving his money, and don't you see
He's getting as rich, as he needs to be.

If he tells me a fact, now don't you know.
I never ask again, "Is that so!"

For if I did, he no doubt would throw
His forceps at me, and tell me to go.

And I would go, no doubt about that,
Just as soon as I could get under my hat,
For if I stayed, I might get a spat
From him, that would lay me out, limp and flat.

Now Doc, is not one bit of a crank,
Nor will he try to play you a prank,
But he sure can, from its morings yank
A tooth so quick, you will want to thank.

Your lucky stars, that the work is done,
Although you are certain, it was no fun,
And you'll feel, like you will want to run,
And leave Bergstresser, the son of a gun.

THE YOUTH, THE MAID AND CUPID.

'Twas in the month of roses, when
A youth and maiden met;
Were introduced by cupid, then,
He caught them, in his net.

And this is how it came about;
The maid had come to see
Her sister, when her school was out,
Thus Fate willed it should be.

The youth, whose name was simply Brown,
Lived on a near by street;
He brought his heart, and laid it down
At this fair maiden's feet.

They sat down then, the proper thing,
Their troth both then to plight;
Oh, they were happy, and the swing,
Kept squeaking, late at night.

We do not know, what then was said.
But no doubt it was good:
We could not hear the youth nor maid,
Nor would not, if we could.

It no doubt was the story old
To lovers always sweet,
That has so often been retold,
When two hearts loving meet.

It is a story, I think wrought,
With consequences great,
Demanding much of gravest thought
Before it is too late;

For when the ceremony's said
There's no time to regret,
For youth and maiden, then are wed—
Their seal, for life, is set.

And when they come to celebrate
(It is no matter small),
While we, their friends, congratulate,
They pledge their lives, their all.

Now Miss Katherene, and Mr. Brown,
I'll gratulations bring,
When you are wed, and come to town
And sit in the old swing.

THE BLACKMAN'S TREASURE.

In the mornin' when the roosters 'gin to crow
And de whissels, ober town begin' to blow;
Den dis nigga likes to lay,
On his bed, in de sof' hay,
While de chillen, an' de kitten, roun' him play.

An' at noon again', when dem big whissels blow
 And I's diggin' taters out of de long row,
 It am a sound I do much like,
 And it makes me take a hike,
 An' immediate I go right down de pike.

In de evenin' when the sun am hangin' low,
 An' I looks down to de end of de long row;
 Den I's glad to hear de soun'
 Ob dem whissels in de town,
 Den I leab de taters layin' in de groun'.

An' I walk right down de road, an' it am fun,
 See the chillun come to meet me, on de run;
 Den I forget that I am tired,
 An' feel like I am inspired,
 With my chillun I have all can be desired.

When I get down home an' see my littl' wife,
 Standin' in de doer an' smilin' for her life,
 Den I think I am the best,
 Ob de niggers, dat am blest,
 When my wife, an' chillun, I have done carress'd.
 Den I thank the good Lord He has gib to me
 Wife an' chillun, that's as dear as they can be;
 Though their faces are not white,
 They hab souls that am as bright,
 As de white folks hab done got, in God's own
 sight.

THE BLACK MAN'S LAMENT.

Yes, I know I's growin' old,
 Soon de story will be told,
 Ob my life, an' how I libed, away down souf;
 I were born in ole' Car'line,
 In de shade of dem big pine
 Dat am what my mudder tole me, wid her mouf.
 Now it soun' a little queer
 Cause I cannot tell de year
 I were bo'n in, so now I'll tell you why;
 In my day no one could read,
 An' we had no church nor creed,
 When I think of it, it makes me want to cry.
 So we couldn't keep no count
 An' we didn't know de 'mount
 Dat's de reason I can't tell how ole I am;

All we knowed was how to work
An' we neber couldn't shirk
'Cause de white man sure would hit us wid a slam.
Den de white man come one day,
An' he took me far away,
An' I nebber see de ole folks any mo';
Now I cannot tell you why,
But I wish dat I might die
'Cause I neber had such feelin's onst befo.
Oh, I wish dat I could know,
Now befo' I's called to go,
If de ole folks bofe are sleepin' neath de pine;
Dat would fill my soul wid joy,
If I, onest their lettles boy,
Knowed they're layin' side by side in ole Car'line.

THE TRAVELING MAN.

I buy from the agent, a railroad ticket,
He pushes it out, to me, through a wicket,
I get on the train, with my handy grip,
And hasten away, on a business strip.
I often wish, I could stay at home,
And not go out, through the world, to roam;
But such is the fate of the traveling man,
He can't stay at home, like other men can.
I say goodbye to my flaxen haired wife,
And go out to earn the bread of life,
Some times through rain, sometimes through snow,
For the boss says: "John, you will have to go."
Sometimes it is late, when I get to bed,
Sometimes I go, with an aching head,
Sometimes I get out before day light,
Sometimes in the middle of the night.
And some times I get a little mad,
When I strike hard luck, and the trade is bad,
And I hit a bum meal, at the best hotel,
I am tempted to say: "Oh, isn't this—well."

CAN YOU TELL ME WHY?

Good friend, can you tell me why
Farm land is not a good buy,

Now when corn, and oats and rye
Are selling so very high?

Did you ever see the day,
When a wagon load of hay,
Would bring as much good pay
As it brings right now, eh?

Did you ever see a cow,
Sell for more, than she does, now?
Or a little old fat sow,
Bring the price of a riding plow?

THE LAND MAN'S SONG.

If you've got a little sand,
I can sell you some good land,
That will raise alfalfa hogs,
On the hills and in the bogs.

You can easy make it pay,
Raising corn, and oats and hay;
Feeding cows, and selling milk,
You can live as fine as silk.

Should it take you years to pay,
Then you'll have, for a wet day,
Something better than pure gold,
To rely on when, you're old.

So you need not wonder why
I am asking you to buy,
And you need not take alarm
When you're asked to buy a farm.

It will not be many years,
'Till we'll all be shedding tears,
Kicking hard, and wond'ring why,
We'd not sense enough to buy.



ERRATA.

On page 32, 9th line "bowling" should be blowing.

Page 38, 5th line, "fine" should be feign.

Page 63, 8th line of First Day at School T should be To.

Page 75, 4th line, Initesmal, should be Infinitesimal.

Page 79, in Peaceful River, the word gleaming is used twice, first time should be glancing.

Page 86, at beginning of last line of verse 6, y should be w.

